

A 11601. C

New COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANIES
IN
PROSE and VERSE.

Paik (R.) K

*Quòd si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, & si ex
his studiis delectatio sola peteretur, tamen, ut opinor,
hanc animi remissionem, humanissimam, ac liberalis-
simam judicaretis. Nam cetera neque temporum sunt,
neque atatum omnium, neque locorum. Hac studia
adolescenciam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas
res ornant, adversis perfugium, ac solatium præ-
bent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, per-
noctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur;*

Cicero Orat. pro Archia Poeta.

*Multa satis lusi. Non est Dea nescia nostri,
Que dulcem curis miscet amaritiem. Catull.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, in the Strand. MDCCXXV.

NEW COLLECTION

7
4

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE

Printed by W. B. Whittaker, at the
British Museum, in the Strand, London.
1851.



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British Museum, in the Strand, London.

L O N D O N

Printed for E. Currier, in the Strand, W. B. Whittaker.



To his GRACE

J O H N

*Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.
Lord High Steward
of his Majesty's Household,
and Knight of the most No-
ble Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,



Have sometimes won-
dered how, between
the Business and Plea-
sures of Life, of Both which
A 2 every

iv DEDICATION.

every Man has a Share, People could really have so little Good - Husbandry of their Time, as to spend much of it in Compliments: I am sure I will not take up any of your GRACE'S in so impertinent an Entertainment. The World is not *now* to be made acquainted with your Great Abilities, and Noble Qualities, and the Eminent Services you have done your Country; nor am I to begin to tell your GRACE with what Sentiments of Gratitude and Respect I have received the many Instances of your Favour, and the Continuance of that Friendship with which
your

DEDICATION. M

your GRACE has long honour-
ed me. At present, my Lord,
I shall only beg leave to make
an humble Offering to your
GRACE of this little Volume
of MISCELLANIES. They were
the Fruits of my Idleness,
but may last, perhaps, lon-
ger than those of my Indu-
stry. The VERSES (it may
be thought vain if I called
them POEMS) were many of
them composed as I have
been riding, or rather faun-
tering about in a beloved
Angle of the World, (for
*ille terrarum mihi præter
omnes Angulus ridet*) the
Scene on which I have pas-
sed

vi DEDICATION.

fed some of my softest Hours; where I was wont to steal away from the Cares and Inquietudes of Life, and indulge myself in all the virtuous Luxury that calm Seasons, delightful Prospects, chearful Ideas, and innocent Passions could administer to the Mind: And where, my LORD, after so many Wanderings and Labours, I wish with Impatience to spend the *Sabbath* of my *Days*. But my Fortunes, alas! and my Wishes do not often accord — else I could not have wanted a much better Opportunity than this, of manifesting

DEDICATION. vii

nifesting that Attachment
and Zeal, with which I have
been ever, My LORD,

Your Grace's

most Obliged,

most Faithful, and most

affectionately Devoted

Humble Servant,

Exon, April
19, 1725.

RICHARDSON PACK.

DEDICATION. viii

indefatigable that Attachment
and Zeal, with which I have
been ever, My Lord,

your Grace's

most Obedient

and most Obedient

and most Obedient

and most Obedient

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28 MR 59

From April
12 1759

RICHARDSON P. ACK.

THE PREFACE



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.



I was once my Intention to
have translated most of the
Lives, if not all, writ-
ten by Cornelius Nepos;
but Laziness, the Love of
Pleasure, and the Want of
Health have, each in their Turn, diver-
ted

The PREFACE

ted me from that Undertaking. However, I could not but impose this short Task upon myself of rendering into English the Lives of MILTIADES and CIMON, because I found somewhat both Noble and Amiable in the Character of each, as well as somewhat very extraordinary in the Account given of the latter. For there we are informed, that as virtuous a Man as he was (and certainly he was a Man of Virtue) he did not in the least startle at INCEST; and his Wife, good Woman, committed ADULTERY, purely out of Love to her Husband. My Bookseller acquainting me, that he was going to Reprint my Translation of ATTICUS, I was willing that PHILOSOPHER and these GENERALS should be seen in Company together.

As for the few Copies of Verses that have their Place in the Rear of this small Volume, they were some of them the Result of my Pleasurable Hours, others the Relief of Anxious ones. I writ
THEM,

to the READER.

THEM, in short, as People beget CHILDREN, in the Gratification, or Discharge of a PRESENT PASSION, without any Concern at that Time what Figure they might make, when they should come into the World. And as AUTHORS are, like PARENTS, improper Judges of their own Productions, I shall leave them intirely to the Censure of the READER, Courteous, or Uncourteous. The Good-natured may, perhaps, be inclined to spare them, because they are Little ones; and tho' none of them should be allowed to pass for Beauties, yet all of them will at least, I hope, be thought Innocent.



POST-

to the READER.

THEM, in short, as People desire CHIL-
DREN, in short, as People desire CHIL-
charge of a PRESENT PASSION, with-
one of the most common, when they should
give the same, when they should

POSTSCRIPT.

IN too hastily transcribing these Papers,
two Omissions have happened, of which
it may be proper to advise the READER
here. One is of the Word Popular to
be placed before Governments, page 14.
line 7. The other is the following
Note referring to the Word GALLERY,
mentioned in the last Line but one of the
same Page.

“ In this GALLERY the Stoick Phi-
“ losophers held their Publick Disputations.
“ It was called POECILE from the Greek
“ Word ποικίλον, various, because of the
“ Variety of PAINTINGS with which it
“ was adorned.

ADVER-

POET

ADVERTISEMENT.



ADVERTISEMENT.

A*FTER I had revised and corrected my Translation of the LIFE of ATTICUS, in order for a Second Edition, it came into my Thoughts, that it would much illustrate That Account given of Him by CORNELIUS NEPOS, if some MEMOIRS were drawn up that might let the READER into the Characters of the PRINCIPAL PERSONS mentioned in that Relation: And, as THESE were, many of them of the most Considerable Figure in that Busy Age, and of the greatest Name in the ROMAN Story, I cannot but believe such a WORK must be of General Use and Entertainment. I have been the more encouraged to undertake it, by my Hopes of being supplied with many valuable Materials, collected by a Person of eminent Learning, and*
not

ADVERTISEMENT.

not less a CRITIC of Good Sense, than of Letters, who has, with an Humanity that is not always the Ornament of Great SCHOLARS, offered me his Assistance on this Occasion. I shall therefore delay the Publication of ATTICUS, until I have adjusted that other PIECE, which, according to my Idle Style of Life, I cannot pretend to do before the approaching Winter.



A D



A D

LIBELLUM.



O, Little Book, and to the FAIR
impart

This *gentle Message* from a *tender*
Heart;

Say, SHE my *Thought's* eternal *Darling Theme*,
My *Morning Vision*, and my *Nightly Dream*:
That when, far Distant from That happy Place
Which Her *bright Presence*, and *sweet Converse*
Grace,

These

Ad LIBELLUM.

These Ears no more *Her tuneful Speech* shall *Hear*,
Those Eyes no more my *languid Soul* shall *Cbear*,
Where'er, by *FATE* compell'd, my *Feet* may
Roam,

Her Image in my *Breast* shall *Keep its Home*:

And Tell the *MAID*, If She *Vouchsafe* to *Look*,
With curious *Search*, in *THEE*, my *Little Book*,
No *Guileful Arts*, no *Venal Praise* She'll find,
But the *Plain Image* of an *Honest Mind*,
Warm Gen'rous Truths, which from *His Bosom*
flow,

Who ne'er *Forgot* a *FRIEND*, and can *Forgive*
a *FOE*.

Exon, May

25, 1725.



T H E



The MUSE'S Choice;

O R,

The Progress of WIT.

An Elegiac Epistle to Major PACK;
occasioned by his MISCELLANIES
in Verse and Prose.

Sume superbiam quasitam Meritis.



WERE I some happy Spirit, free to chuse
Of what blest Bard I pleas'd, the
pow'ful Muse:

I'd pass by Names much prais'd, and
mark the Man,

In whom Dame Nature to plant Wit began;

B

That

That Wit right studies should improve by Art,
Time to all these ripe Judgment should impart:
Quick should, as *Lyncens'* Eyes, his Fancy be,
His Tongue drop Honey, like the *Hybla* Bee;
Happy his Humour, suiting sev'ral Wills,
As Wine the Shapes of Vessels, that it fills;
His Head a Magazine of Classic Sense,
His Heart a Hoard of Country Innocence;
His Acts sincere, his Manners of that Sort
As might adorn the Pattern of a Court:
Next trav'ling, thro' the World, my Bard must go,
Each Court, each Camp, must visit and must know.
By him should States of various Realms be seen,
Till Things he, thoroughly, learnt, and, thoroughly,
Men.

'Tis thus illustrious Spirits ought to roam,
And bring the World's collected Wisdom home.
Then, in each Art, each Strain, he would excel,
Since Wisdom is the Source of Writing well.

Were I to have my Choice, and should I aim
To give great Pleasure, and to get great Fame,

Such

Such *Pack*, and, such alone, should be the Muse,
I'd, for my Fame, and Reader's Pleasure chuse,
Nor wrong my Choice, nor chide, if I subjoin,
That, for those Reasons, *Pack*, it should be Thine.

Assume the decent Pride to Merit due;
Weak is his Worth, whom Praise offends, when true:
Where Men are conscious, 'tis a vain Pretence,
Where Men want Consciousness, they must want Sense.

Oft have I thought Thee born inspir'd to show,
What Wit was many hundred Years ago;
When *Rome* most glorious was, *Athens* most fam'd,
And each, in Arts and Arms, Earth's Mistress nam'd;
Wit did, o'er all, triumphant Cenfor sit,
And the World's Lords, obey'd the Lore of Wit.
Then *Phocion* only to young *Ammon* spoke,
That single Speech sav'd *Athens* from his Yoke:
Phocion, her Friend, made *Ammon* not her Foe;
Wisdom prevail'd, and Pow'r repress'd the Blow.
If *Ammon* thus that Orator obeyed,
Not less by Poets were his Passions sway'd.

For this World's Victor, when *Sicbaum* stood,
Envious, the Tomb of fam'd *Achilles* view'd.

" And blest, he cry'd, above the greatest Kings!

" Since Thee the greatest Poet, *Homer* sings.

Not with less Envy, future Chiefs shall see

Greenwich thy Hero, and his Poet Thee:

All Verses, but thine Own, he may despise,

Homer, in vain, bids proud *Achilles* rise,

To Thine must *Homer's* Hero yield the Prize.

Impatient, fierce, of Birth celestial proud,

Passions unconquer'd that *Greek* Hero cloud.

Vain was his Birth, if not to Fiction ow'd,

Whose Acts mere Man resemble, not a God.

Not Birth, pure Merit makes thy Hero shine,

His Birth is *Human*, but his Acts *Divine*,

Of which thou form'st an *Iliad* in a Line.

* *He may all Merit, but his own, disdain,*

*And Kings have been his Ancestors in vain.**

* See, *The Verses occasioned by the Preamble to the Duke of Greenwich's Patent*, in Major Pack's former Volume of *Miscellanies*.

Oh thou, who can'st, compar'd with *Greece*, excel,
Bear, as thou may'st, the *Roman* Parallel.

Tully, like *Phocion*, fav'd the States he taught;
And, while *Rome's* Poets Prais'd, *Rome's* Champions
Thus *Julius* and *Augustus*, both, become [fought.

The first of *Cæsars* in Imperial *Rome*:

The first of Poets made them thirst for Praise,
And gave them Laurels in Exchange for Bays.

No small Exchange! since, in *Horatian* Odes,
Fix'd, shines the *Julian* Star, among the Gods.

As highly sung, as far, as bright, appears
The *British* Star, that Garter'd *Campbell* wears.

Campbell, with *Cæsar*, Deed might count for Deed,
But modest might His Commentary need.

Bays, Laurels, *Cæsar* won, by Wit, and War;
Argyll and You those twofold Trophies share:

He, learn'd like *Cæsar*, can, like *Cæsar*, fight;
You, Brave like *Cæsar*, can, like *Cæsar*, write.

As thy Poetic Lays like *Homer's* rose,

Or as thy Verse, sublime, like *Virgil's*, flows,

Like *Cæsar's* so, or *Tully's*, runs thy Prose.

Oh! How thy *Atticus* refines Delight!
 Thy Paintings, more than *Cicero's*, please the Sight:
 Drawn at full Length, and drawn divinely true,
 He liv'd *with Tully*, but He lives by You
 Unsteer'd by Party, obstinately Good,
Pomponius, not, as Factions ebb'd or flow'd,
 E'er let dependent Passions rise or fall:
 Siding with none, He liv'd belov'd by all.
 Him *Cæsar* lov'd, while *Pompey* call'd him Friend,
 And *Cato* prais'd, while *Cæsar* did commend.
 May each Great Man, ye Gods, whom most I love,
 Like *Pack's* two *Attici*, unbiass'd move!
 May they no Strife, but this, in Factions raise,
 Which Faction is the most provok'd to praise!

One Labour more: I Wit's best Age pursue,
 And find it follow'd still, and reach'd by you!
 Next good *Octavius* mounts the happy Throne,
 Blush Christian Pow'rs! the Heathen Pattern own!
 The Age, *Augustus* liv'd in, still shall last;
 Till Time's great Period shall itself be past.

With

With that good Prince, the good *Mænas* rose,
 Wit finding Them her Friends could fear no Foes:
 The growing Language daily Graces gain'd,
 And its full strength in Sense and Sound obtain'd;
 No Fancy could its Phrases with more rich,
 No Voice could lift it to a higher pitch.
 Then *Virgil* sung — of Wit the Sov'raign Lord,
 Near Eighteen Ages, crown'd, with one Accord,
 And, still, the longer read, the more ador'd.
 Historians, Orators, and Poets rose,
 These polish'd Verse, and those adorn'd the Prose.
Catullus Learn'd, and *Ovid* was the Wit,
 And Courts grew polish'd, as *Tibullus* writ.
 Like Him, does *Gallus*, with each Sex, succeed;
 The Ladies languish, and their Lovers read.
 In Wit's large Field, now open'd fresh by you,
 These Ancients march, and marching we review:
 Muster'd by Thee are all their Forces shwon,
 Ye Moderns, by these Models, mend your own.

The *Learning* of *Catullus*, *Ovid's* *Wit*,
 What *Gallus* and *Tibullus* Courtly writ,

All their fine Thoughts, our Panting Beauties prove,
 And *British* Bosoms beat with *Roman* Love,
 By you convey'd, they feel the Passion whole,
 For, in your Versions, you transfuse the Soul,
 In Nature, Fortune, Honour, Wit, and Fame,
 There's such Similitude, you seem the same.
 But, ah! how Nature still o'erpow'rs all Art!
 How is thy Head indebted to thy Heart!
 O'er thy Translations, how thy Verse are fir'd,
 Which are by *Celia's* brighter Eyes inspir'd.
 Had *Celia*, sooner, smote thee with Surprise,
 Had her Charms earlier met thy wond'ring Eyes,
 To *Celia*, only, had thy Lyre been strung,
 And *Latian-Belles* in *British* Lines unsung,
 Well, those Translations had, tho' fine, been lost;
 Since we more bright Originals might boast.
 Such were the Tunes, with which you charm'd the
 On *Buria's*, equal to *Arcadia's*, Plains; [Swains
 With such the *Hyde*, a Grove adjacent, rung;
 Nor sweeter those, which once *Catullus* sung
 When He, repairing to *Dione's* Grove,
 Describ'd the Vigils of the Queen of Love.

Fair *Hengrave's* Woods, shall Nymphs *Napæan* own,
Deserve, o'er all the Sylvan Gods, Renown,
The Seat of *Venus* and *Apollo* grown.

" *Venus* no more shall be Mount *Ida's* Pride,

" The Queen of Beauty, now, frequents the *Hyde*:

No more shall *Tempé* with her Bay-Tree-Row,

Where, Grasse perfum'd, and Flow'rs eternal grow,

Boast *Phæbus* there; but to the *Hyde* submit:

For, here, while singing in their Shade you sit,

The conscious Trees confess the God of Wit.

Sing on, — like *Orpheus*, charm th'inchanted Place,

See! how fresh *Ivy* wreaths! how sprout the *Bays*!

See! *Myrtles* spring at ev'ry Magick Sound!

The *Soldier*, *Bard*, and *Lover* shall be crown'd.

Sing on, — He sings, — Those Songs, grav'd Barks

rehearse,

Each Tree its Head immortal lifts in Verse:

Those Verse, in Tunes, the Birds repeat, above,

And warbling Nations shake the dancing Grove.

Sweet, over all, is *Philomela* heard,

To *Juno's* Peacocks, *Venus's* Doves preferr'd,

For *Pack's* sweet *Philomel* is *Celia's* Bird.

The

The chirping wanton Sparrow she disdains,
 Charm'd with what chaunts such chaste and dying
 Strains.

As wise, o'er *Lesbia's*, is fair *Calia's* Choice,
 As sweet, beyond *Catullus*, is *Pack's* Voice.

Hence fam'd o'er all the Sons of Wit is He,
 Fam'd o'er the Daughters of bright Beauty She:

As Fires their Radiance, Flames uniting, raise;
 She makes His Genius, He Her Glories blaze:

Songs, on such Eyes, must, sparkling more, excel;
 And Eyes must sparkle more, when sung so well:

His Verse took Flame from her inspiring Eye,
 'Tis Flame celestial,—— and they ne'er can dye:—

So sure, those Eyes, that there recorded stand,
 Shall, Ages hence, admiring Worlds command.

So sure, that Face shall, in *Pack's* deathless Song,
 Bright in eternal Bloom, be ever young.

To raise Her Charms, or lift His Genius higher,
 What could the Beauty or the Bard desire?

Say, what shall draw me from this darling Theme?
 Thy Conversation?—— That repeats the same.

There

There *Celia* you, and there I *Celia* Toast,
While Youths and Maids strive, who shall praise her
most :

Celia from all the Sex the Palm will bear,
By Men ador'd, yet honour'd by the Fair.
But tho' the Ladies give a lovely Force,
And add sweet Flavours to the best Discourse.

Yet yours to no one Pleasure is confin'd,
All Pow'rs comprizing, that can charm Mankind.
Far, as each Science, It extends, or Art;
Rules or refines all Passions of the Heart;
And, while it elegant the Passions moves,
Folly reclaims and Wisdom's self improves.

The *Scholar*, while your Dictates you dispense,
Learns *Men*, like *Books*, and *Files* his *College-Sense*.

The list'ning Soldier's taught to seek renown,
And his Breast beats with Courage not his own:

Raw Squires, Polite, as Courtiers, do appear;

Fops grow less Fools, and Wits grow less severe,

And Courtiers, as the Country-Hind, sincere:

Thee, not less Women, than the Men obey,

Coquettes grow graver, Prudes themselves more gay.

Thus

Thus dost thou, breeding Honour, Wit, dispense
With universal boundless Influence:

Well may'st thou Conversation make thy Theme,
Whose each new Speech adds Vot'ries to thy Fame,
Now let thy *Brudenel*, or thy *Stanhope* say,
(Companions of thy Eloquence are they;
Brudenel, whose Tongue can charm each beauteous
Fair;

Stanhope, in Councils, fam'd, of Peace and War :)
How rightly I have chose, were I to chuse,
To please the World, *Pack's* various tuneful Muse;
How happy the conversing World would be,
Could thy Instructions make Men talk like thee.

With thee conversing, we all Time forget,
On Days so spent, How soon the Suns seem set;
On Nights so spent, How soon those Suns arise?
No Rest seems lost to our unwearied Eyes.

Clocks are dull Monitors we mostly fear,
That rudely interrupt the ravish'd Ear,
And cruel cry, 'tis time to cease to hear.

Peace, Death-like Knell! — that Sound untunes the
Heart,
'Tis Life to hear him, and 'tis Death to part.

Cry

Cry they 'tis Time? — 'Tis never time to cease
 Hearing that Tongue, that wou'd for ever please.
 Too short the Day alone, too short the Night;
 No Time, that ends, can measure Heav'ns Delight.
 Time, while thou talk'st like those *above*, does show,
 That we are Mortals dreaming here *below*,
 Where our best Hours of Bliss are dash'd with Woe.
 Such, such the Hour, that stole thy Martial Muse,
 When we the Bard did in the Soldier lose;
 When, last, the Army call'd thee, Friend, away;
 We mourn'd, that Virtue shou'd so well obey.
 Leave, quick, leave *Exeter*; that barren Place
 Yields no fine Objects to excite thy Lays.
 Here Toasts, by hundreds, wait thy Praise,—return;
 Nor let thy Soldiers make the Muses mourn.
 As *Britain*, o'er the World, may Beauties boast,
 So *Bury* breeds, of *British* Towns, the most:
 Had some old Druid but at *Bury* been,
 And Charmers, such, as You and I, had seen,
 Rapt had he cry'd, This Town all Towns excels,
 And, where he counted Women, counted *Belles*.

How

How fair is *Calia* then! — How Heavenly fair!
 Who reigns chief Beauty, where all, Beauties, are?
 Haste, haste, from *Exeter* to *Bury* flye,
 The Muse can't sing, remote from *Calia's* Eye.

You on Our *Toasts*, on You They vainly look,
 By Fancy's Eyes, presented in your Book.
 E'en I, that love thy Verse, now see, with Pain,
 What makes me long to see thyself in vain.
 To *Worlds* thy Books, to me thy *Converse* give,
 In *those* my Name, near *this* Myself would Live.

Bury St. Edmunds,
 1725.

W. BOND.

28 MR 59



VERSES to the AUTHOR.

Let others with pedastick Dumbly toil,



Where'er you lead her thro' the Court or Grove,

VERSES

Or when to bid th' attentive World receive

The boldst Thoughts that can give

Greatly selected from the darling Tongue

AUTHOR.

He's happy Empire can with Pride behold

Too long, to mercenary Views confin'd,



Has the Muse seem'd to traffick with

Mankind;

Have venal Bards undignify'd the Bays,

And for Returns of Bread retail'd their Lays.

At length fair Science does with Rapture see

A generous Prop of her Renown in THEE;

Your Verse directs a Road secure to Fame,

And rescues from Neglect the Poet's Name.

Ch. Beckingham

Let
1752

32 VERSES to the AUTHOR.

Let others with pedantick Drudg'ry toil,
 And the best Art by Rules Mechanick spoil,
 Or *Poesy* employ, as some a *Wife*,
 To answer all the Household Calls of Life;
 You, SIR, your *Genius* as your *Mistress* use,
 And with an Air Polite, gallant the Muse;
 Whene'er you lead her thro' the Court or Grove,
 We're taught how *Men of Sense* thou'd *Think*, or *Love*;
 Or when to bid th'attentive World receive
 The boldest Touches that the Lyre can give,
 Greatly selected from the daz'ling Throng,
 One CHIEF illustrates thy immortal Song;
 He's such as Empire can with Pride behold,
 And leaves us less attach'd to NAMES of old;
 Tho' thro' thy Labours, e'en those Names survive,
 And, in the *British* Tongue transplanted, thrive.
 But why should others feeble Praises bring,
 And with vain Fondness lessen whom they sing?
 Merit, like thine, defies assitant Strains,
 And any Heralds, but itself, disdains.

London, May 29.
 1725.

Ch. Beckingham.



To the AUTHOR.



IN Thee the Muses All indulgent shine,
Their Force, their Sweetness, and their
Music Thine.

A transient Smile to other Bards is shown,
But their whole Souls, Blest Poet, are thy own.

In Thee the soft *Tibullus* wakes again,
He warbles in thy Heart-dissolving-Strain.
Attending *Love*, confesses all its Charms,
Arrests his Wings and folds Thee in His Arms.
Happy the MAID, thy Harmony has sung,
Thy SPRING will Bloom and in the Grave be Young.

Inner-Temple, June 4,
1725.



CLIO.



To the AUTHOR.



LONG the Poetick World a Desert seem'd,
To Monsters, Pedantry, and Dullness
damn'd;



'Twas sav'd by PACK, Apollo's Darling Son:

The Muses made their total Pow'r his own,

VENUS t'inspire Him form'd a COLLETON.

28 MR 59

Gray's Inn, June 7.
1725.

H.

Happy the Maid, thy Harmony has sung,
Thy Spring will bloom in the Grave be Young.



CLIO.

Inner Temple, June 25.
1725.

THE

THE
LIVES
OF
MILTIADES,
AND
CIMON.
WITH
POEMS *on several Occasions.*



Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXV.

FIVE

MILLIARDS



FOURTH EDITION



when a Scene of Action opened,
which brought Him upon the Stage.

THE

LIFE

OF

MILTIADES.



MILTIADES, the Son
of CIMON, was Born at
Athens. The Antiquity of
his Family, the Glory of
his Ancestors, and the Modesty of
his own Deportment had rendered
Him the Darling of his *Country*;
and He was now Arrived at an Age,
that the *Publick* might, not only
B Hope,

2 *The Life of*

Hope, but Confide, his Future Conduct would Confirm the Judgment They had made concerning Him; when a Scene of Action opened, which brought Him upon the Stage. It happened, The ATHENIANS had then taken a Resolution to Plant a Colony in the * *Chersonese*: And, as Great Numbers were Engaged, and more seemed fond of That Expedition, a Deputation was sent from Them to *Delphos*, to Consult on Whom They should confer the chief Command: For, the *Thracians* being in Possession of the Country, it was certain their Intended Settlement would meet with some Opposition. The *Priestess* of APOLLO directed Them by Name to Appoint MILTIADES to be their General, Assuring Them of Success in their Enterprize, if They should Place Him

at

* *Hodie*, Morea.

MILTIADES.

3

at the Head of It. Encouraged by This Declaration of the Oracle, MILTIADES embarked with a select Body of Troops for the *Chersonese*. He touched at * *Lemnos* in his Way, with a View of reducing *That Island* to the Obedience of *Athens*; and accordingly sent the Inhabitants Word, that He expected Them to Acknowledge their Dependance by a Voluntary Submission. To This Message They gave no Other than This Delusory Answer; " That *They would*
 " *not fail to Comply with the Summons,*
 " *whenever He should Sail from HOME*
 " *to LEMNOS with the Wind at*
 " *North* "; as knowing while it Blew from That Quarter, it was directly in the Teeth of All who were steering their Course thither from *Athens*. However, MILTIADES not being at leisure to Prosecute His
 B 2 Design

* *Hodie*, Stalimene-Island in the Archipelago.

Design on That People, desisted for the Present from any farther Attempt, and proceeded on his Voyage.

After his Arrival, having in a short Time Defeated the Forces of the *Barbarians*, He made Himself Master of all the Country he had proposed; and, the better to secure it, Erected *Forts* in such Places as He found Convenient. The Lands He divided among the *Adventurers*, Whom He likewise Enriched by frequent *Excursions*: Managing the Whole Affair with a Prudence equal to his Good Fortune. For, as He owed his Conquest to the Valour of his Soldiers, so He distributed the Fruits of it among Them with great Equity; and Resolved to fix his Residence there, having the *Authority*, tho' not the *Style* of KING among Them; which He had Acquired as much by his *Justice*, as his *Power*. Nor was He

MILTIADES.

5

He the more Negligent on this Account in Paying all due Regards to his *Principals* at *Athens*. By these Means He was continued in That *High Station*, no less to the Satisfaction of Those Who first Employed Him, than of Those He then Governed. And thus having settled all Matters on a firm Footing in his *New Establishment*, He Returns to LEMNOS, and peremptorily demands the Surrender of their City in virtue of their *own Stipulation*; Telling Them, "His HOME was now in "the CHERSONESE, *from whence He* "had Sailed thither with a Northerly "Wind." The *Carians* (for They were then the Proprietors of LEMNOS) seeing Things had taken a Turn they did not Expect, tho' not out of a scrupulous Attention to their Promise, yet Awed by the Success of their Invaders, did not think fit to Dispute his Claim, and

B 3

very

very peaceably Evacuated the Island. He was no less Fortunate in Subduing All the rest of the * CYCLADES.

About That Time the King of *Persia*, having Determined to make War upon the *Scythians*, entered *Europe* with an Army from *Asia*, and laid a Bridge over the *Danube* to maintain a Communication. He Committed the Guard of That Bridge, in his Absence, to certain Great Lords Who had attended Him from *Æolis* and *Ionia*, and Whom He had Invested with the Sovereignty of their respective Cities, (Judging that the most likely Scheme to keep the *Greeks*, who were settled in *Asia*, in Subjection to Him, was to give the Absolute Government of their Towns to such of the *Natives* Who were his *Creatures*, and Whose Power and Safety

* Islands in the Archipelago.

MILTIADES.

7

Safety depended intirely on his Own.) MILTIADES was one of the Number to Whom the Custody of *That Bridge* was Intrusted. He, having received repeated Intelligence, that the *King's* Affairs were in an ill Posture, and that He was hard pressed by the *Scythians*, Addressed Himself to the *Other Chiefs* Who were joined in the same Commission with Him, and Admonished Them not to let Slip an Occasion, Fortune had put into their Hands, of Restoring *Freedom* to All GREECE. For, said He, if DARIUS were cut off with the Forces He has transported with Him, not *Europe* only, but That Part of *Asia* too, Whose Inhabitants are of *Greek* Extraction, would be set at Liberty from the Chains, and Insults of the *Persians*: This, continued He, might be Effected with Ease by Demolishing the Bridge, in Consequence of Which Action, the

B 4

King

King and his Whole Army must of Necessity either fall by the Sword, or Perish in a few Days for Want of Subsistence. When the Majority seemed Inclined to This Advice, HISTIAEUS of * *Miletos* Opposed it, representing to Them, that Their Interest, Who were *Princes*, was very Different from Those of the *Common People*; their Authority being founded on That of DARIUS, his Destruction would put an End to Their Rule, and probably expose Them to the Revenge of their Countrymen, over Whom He had placed Them to Govern. For this Reason, He was so far from Agreeing to the Expedient proposed, that he thought their *true Policy* was to Strengthen, as much as in Them lay, the Dominion of the *Persians*. When MILTIADES observed this last Argument

* *Hodie, Melasso.*

to prevail, not doubting but a Debate, to which so Many had been Privy, would at length be carried to the King's Ear, He withdrew from the *Chersonese*, and Retired to *Athens*. The Counsel he gave, though it proved Unsuccessful, ought nevertheless to be Applauded, as it was a Mark of his *Publick Spirit*, in Preferring the *General Liberty* to his *Personal Command*.

DARIUS, after his Return into *Asia* from *Europe* was Advised by his Favourites to Attempt the Reduction of *Greece*. In hopes to Accomplish This Design, He gave Orders for the Equipment of Five hundred Sail of Ships, aboard Which He embarked Two hundred Thousand Foot and Ten Thousand Horse, The Whole under the Command of DARTIS and ANTIPHERNIS. The Reason he Alledged for This Great Armament, was an Affront offered to Him by the

the *Athenians*, in Assisting the *Ionians*, in Their Assault of *Sardis*, and putting the Garrison He had placed there to the Sword. The Generals arriving with the Royal Navy before * *Eubæa*, attackt *Eretria* the Capital of That Island; Took it, and sent the Inhabitants into *Asia* Prisoners to the King. After which, sailing from Thence, They made a Descent on the Country of *Attica*, and Incamped in the Plain of *Marathon*, about Ten Miles distant from *Athens*. The City alarmed with so Numerous and Formidable an Enemy just in their Neighbourhood, did not however Apply for Troops to any of their Allies, except the *Lacedæmonians*. To These They sent *PHILIPPIDES*, One of Those Couriers they call *Day-Posts*, to inform Them of the Necessity they had of speedy Succours.

* *Hodie*, Negropont.

MILTIADES. II

Succours. At the same time They created Ten *General Officers* among Themselves : but These Disagreed in their *Schemes*, some Declaring for an *Offensive War*, Others thinking it more Advisable to Act upon the *Defensive* only. MILTIADES laboured all He could to bring Them to a Resolution forthwith to *Incamp*, as the best Means to keep up the *Hearts* of the *People*, by shewing Them their *Courage* was not *Distrusted*; at the same time that it must abate the *Confidence* of the *Enemy* to find Themselves *Faced* in the *Field* by such *inferior Numbers*.

Not one City in All *Greece* sent Assistance to the *Athenians* in This Distress, except the *Plataenses*. From These they received a Reinforcement of a Thousand Men. With This Addition their Compliment was just Ten Thousand. A small, but a Resolute, Body, who longed with
incredible

incredible Impatience to come to Action. MILTIADES had therefore much more Sway with Them than his *Colleagues*, whom They looked upon as too *Cautious*. Induced by his Authority the *Athenians* marched their Troops without the Walls of the City to a Convenient Camp that had been marked out for Them: and the next Day, having been drawn up by Him first in order of Battle, at the Foot of a Mountain, and in a Line with it, after a new and useful Method, This little Army Engaged the Enemy with great Fury. MILTIADES, to prevent their being furrounded by the Horse, had made such a Disposition, that his People were Covered in the Rear by the Steepness of the Hills, and Defended on the Flanks by Trees which he had caused to be laid up and down, and which would Intangle the Cavalry as often as They Advanced.

DATIS

MILTIADES. - 13

DATIS, although He was sensible of the Disadvantage He had in the Ground, relying on his odds in Number, was Eager for Attacking the *Athenians*, and the more so, because the *Lacedaemonians* had not as yet Joyned Them. Accordingly, having formed a Grand Detachment of One hundred Thousand Foot, and Ten Thousand Horse from All his Forces, He began the Onset. But the *Athenians* were so Superior in Courage to his Troops, that They intirely routed Them, tho' ten times their Number, and struck such a *Panick* into the *Persians*, that not thinking Themselves sufficiently secured by retiring within their Intrenchments, They fled to their Ships. Never was Any Thing more Glorious than *This Battle*, as certainly never One was gained by such a *Handful of Men* against so *Mighty an Host*.

It

It may not seem an Impertinent Remark to take notice here, What Kind of Reward was conferred on MILTIADES after this *Important Victory*. And, by reflecting on That, We shall more plainly see, that *The Nature of all Governments is Alike*. For as in Former times the *Publick Honours* among the *Romans* were but Slender, and Those too very sparingly Bestowed, (Which made Them held in great Account, whereas now that They are given with Profusion, and without Merit, they grow Cheap and Contemptible,) so We find it was just the same in the *Athenian Commonwealth*. This GREAT MAN Who had in one Day rescued *Athens* and all *Greece* from Slavery, received no other Mark of *Distinction*, or *Recompence* for his *Services*, than What They call the HONOUR OF THE GALLERY, Where, in The Picture which was set up of the *Battle of MARA-*

MILTIADES. 15

MARATHON, *His Figure* was Placed the *Foremost* of the *Ten Generals*, drawn in the *Act of Exhorting* the Soldiers, and Giving the *Signal* to Engage. Yet This very People, when their Dominions were Enlarged, and They, by the Bribery and Intrigues of the *Magistrates*, fell afterwards into Corruption, erected no less than *Three hundred Statues* to DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS.

Upon the Success of This Battle, the *Athenians* fitted out a Fleet of Seventy Sail under the Command of MILTIADES, Whose Orders were to Chastise Those Islands That had aided the * *Barbarians* in the late War. The Greater Part returned to their Duty, but some obliged Him to have recourse to Arms. Among these last was *Paros*, an Island grown
Wealthy

* *The Greeks called all Foreigners, in general, Barbarous.*

Wealthy and Proud. When He found He was not likely to succeed there by Treaty, He landed his Men; drew a Line round the City to cut off their Provisions; and then carried on his Approaches in Form. The Town was upon the Point of Surrendering, When a Grove, at some distance on the Continent, but within View of the Island, by What Accident I know not, took Fire. The Besiegers and Besieged Both imagined, as soon as They saw the Flames, it was a *Signal* given of the *King's Fleet* coming to the Relief of the Place. This Encouraged the Citizens in Holding out; and MILTIADES too, being unwilling to run the hazard of Encountering a Royal Navy, burnt all the Works he had erected, and drawing off his Forces, Returned home with the same Number of Ships He brought out; but to the great Offence of the *Commonwealth*.

wealth. Accordingly He was Accused of Treason, in *raising the Siege*, when He might, as They Alledged, have *Taken the Town*, had he not been corrupted by the King of Persia's Gold. He lay ill at that time of the Wounds He had received before the Place, and being incapable of Pleading for Himself, his Brother TISAGORAS undertook to Manage his Defence. The Tryal being Ended, He was Acquitted as to his Life, but Sentenced to Defray the Whole Expence of That Expedition, the Estimate of Which amounted to *Fifty * Talents*. As He was in no Condition to Pay so large a Sum, They hung Him into the Publick Jayl, Where He Ended his Days.

But tho' This Pretended Treachery at Paros was the Crime laid to his Charge, the real Cause of his Condemnation

* Each Attick Talent, 48 l. 7 s. 10 d.

demnation was quite Different. The Athenians, in short, after the Tyranny of PISISTRATUS, which was fresh in their Memories, grew Jealous of Any *Rising Man* among Themselves. And MILTIADES had so long, and so often held the Reins of Empire, either as a *General*, or a *Magistrate*, that He seemed by a kind of *Habit* inured to AMBITION, and incapable of leading a *Private Life*. For during the Whole Time, He resided in the *Chersonese*. His Government was Absolute *there*, and HE Styled a TYRANT, (as All Such are, Who in their single Names exercise the Supreme Command in Cities That were REPUBLICKS before,) tho' His *Sovereignty* was indeed a *Legal One*, as not having been Usurped by *Force*, but Obtained with the *Consent* of his People, and Supported by his own *Justice*, and *Bounty*. Behold then the Rock on Which He Split ! HE was in his NATURE so

Gentle

MILTIADES. 19

Gentle and Humane in his MANNERS; so wonderfully *Civil and Affable*; (for the meanest Person might have Access to Him with Freedom,) He had Established so Great an *Interest* with the Neighbouring STATES; was so *Noble* in his EXTRACTION; and so *Renowned* for his MILITARY CAPACITY; that HIS COUNTRY, considering all *these Circumstances*, looked upon Him as *Dangerous* to Their *Freedom*; and chose rather to *Ruin* Him, though *Innocent*, than to live longer in *Fear* of his POPULARITY, and his POWER.



C 2

THE



cells to him with Freedom. He had
 Established to Great an Interest with
 the Neighbouring States; was lo
 Noble in his Extraction; and
 Renowned for his Military CAPA
 out; that his Country, con
 sidering all these Circumstances, looked
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 Freedom; and chose rather to kill
 him, though innocent, than to live
 longer in Fear of his POPULARITY,
 and his Power.

LIFE OF

IMON,

The Younger.



C I M O N, the Son of
 MELITADES, by Birth an
 Athenian, passed the first
 Years of his Youth un-
 der very great Hardships. For as the
 Father had been laid in Prison on
 Account of a *Fine* He was Unable to
 Pay

The Life of CIMON. 29

Pay to the State, for the Weight of
That Sentence fell, after This Death,
upon the Son; Who by the Laws of
Athens was liable to the same Re-
straint, until He should Discharge
the Debt. He had taken *ELPINICE*,
His own Sister, in Marriage; a Mar-
riage made not more after his own
Heart, than According to the Customs
of His Country: (For The Son and
Daughter of One Common Father are
not excluded by the *ATHENIAN* Ritual
from being Man and Wife.) Now
there was a Person named *CALLIAS*,
One Distinguished rather as a Monied
Man, than a Gentleman, having rais-
ed a great Fortune from his Mines,
Who was Ambitious of Matching
with That Lady; and endeavoured to
Persuade *CIMON* to Relinquish Her, by
offering, upon That Condition, to
Satisfy the Whole Demand the Go-
vernment had upon Him. This Pro-
posal He rejected with Scorn, But

ELPINICE declared, she could not bear the Thought that Any of the Offspring of MILTIADES should Perish in a *Fayl*; and since it was in her Power to Prevent it by Consenting to Marry This CALLIAS, she would not Refuse Him her Hand, provided He Performed the Engagement. He had Entered into on his Part.

CIMON, by these means being set at Liberty, soon came to be the Leading Man Of That City. His Talents for *Eloquence* were very sufficient; He was Liberal in the highest Degree; and had attained a great Skill in all *Civil*, as well as *Military* Affairs; in which last Profession He had been train'd up from a Child by his constant Attendance on his Father in the Wars. These Qualifications gave him a mighty Influence over the People, and made his Authority likewise much Valued in the Army.

His First

First Command, as GENERAL, was at the River *Strymon*, where he put to Flight the numerous Troops of the THRACIANS, and afterwards Founded AMPHIPOLIS settling a Colony there of Ten Thousand Athenians. His next Success was in Defeating and Taking, off MYCALE, a Fleet consisting of Two Hundred Sail of Cypriots and Phœnicians. The very same Day of which Engagement at Sea, He had another on Shoar with equal Good Fortune: For as soon as He had made Himself Master of the Enemy's Shipping, He landed His Men, and at one Rencounter overthrew the vast Forces of the Barbarians. As He was Sailing home with great Spoils, after This Victory, having received Intelligence that some of the *Islands* had revolted from their Obedience, by reason of their Pressures from the Government, He confirmed in their Allegiance such as He

C 4

found

found well Inclined; and Obliged the Disaffected to Return to their Duty; Among These the *Dolopes*, who dwelt in *Scyros*, behaving Themselves somewhat Mutinously, He cleared *That Island* of its old Inhabitants at once; Dividing their Lands among his Countrymen. In the same manner the *Thasians*, who were grown Insolent upon their Increase of Traffick and Riches, were soon Humbled after his Arrival among Them. And with the Money arising from the Sale of the Plunder He took in these several Occasions, He Repaired and Beautified That Part of the *Citadel* of *Athens* which lies to the South.

When by a continued Series of Prosperity He was Arrived to the *Highest Pitch* of Glory, He fell at last into the same *Envy* and *Disgrace*, which his Father, and All the Great Men at *Athens* had experienced before Him.

Him. For, notwithstanding his Merit, He was Condemned, (by a way of *Voting* They call an * *Ostracism*) to a Banishment of Ten Years; a Resolution, which the Athenians regretted much sooner than He did. For while He with the Constancy of a Man of Honour was supporting Himself against the Ingratitude of his Country, They were unluckily engaged in a War with the LACEDÆMONIANS, and soon felt the Loss of his known Valour and Abilities. Therefore in the Fifth Year of his Exile They Recalled Him. And, as He had Entertained a Commerce of Friendship with the People of Lacedemon, He voluntarily undertook, upon this Occasion, to make a Tour Thither; Where He Negotiated and Established a Peace between Those Two Commonwealths,

Who

OT* So called, by their inscribing their Votes on Shells.

Who were such Powerful Rivals. Not long after This, He was sent with a Fleet of Two hundred Sail of Ships under his Command on an Expedition to *Cyprus*: But, just when He had subdued the Greatest Part of That Island, He fell into a Distemper, That proved Mortal to Him, and Died in a Town called *Citium*.

The *Athenians* found a sensible Want of this excellent Person for many Years: not only in the Times of War, but during the Seasons of Peace. For such was the Generosity of his NATURE, that though He had Mannours, and Gardens in several Places, He no where put in a Steward to restrain the free Use of What They Produced; to Which All People in common were Welcome. He was always Attended, wherever He Walked, by Servants with Purses of Money, that He might be Able

to Furnish an immediate Supply to the Necessaries of Such as asked of Him, lest by Delaying He might seem to Deny Them His Assistance. He has often, upon Meeting One in the Streets Who was in Rags, or ill-clothed, parted with the Cloak from his own Shoulders, to Cover the Nakedness, or Poverty Of his Fellow-Citizen. And so Great was the Plenty and Hospitality of his Way of Entertaining at Home, that Whomever He met in the Forum, That were not præ-engaged, He Invited Them to Eat at his Table, and This not occasionally, but every Day. His Credit, his Friendship, or his Fortune, was never wanting to Any Man. The Living, many of Them, were Enriched by His Bounty; and even the Dead were Obligated to His Charity: For, Such, Who left not Behind Them wherewithal to Bury Them with Decency,

gency, had That Office of Humanity performed to Them at His Expence. No Wonder then, if his Life, spent in the Exercise of so many Virtues, was for the most part Happy and Secure; as his Death, which became a General Misfortune, was universally Lamented.



ing at Home. Whomever He met in the Street, or in the City, or in the Country, He would not only greet them with a friendly Word, but would also be ready to oblige them in any manner. His Friends, who were many, were Enriched by his Bounty; and even the Dead were Obliged to his Charity. For he would not only buy them with De-

POEMS



POEMS

But she like Frow, O, would improve her

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



BURY TOASTS.

Miss PASTON.

----- *Non alia bibam Mercede.*

Miss MOLLY SPRING.



IN Love's soft Wars She gains a
double Prize,
And Triumphs by her Wit,
as by her Eyes.

En-



Encore *Miss* MOLLY.

AS That Gay Season of the Youthful
 Year,
 That bears her Name, for ever Sweet
 and Fair.
 But She, like FLORA, shou'd improve her
 Charms,
 And take an Am'rous ZEPHYR to her
 Arms.



Miss PASTON.

IN PASTON's Face the *Smiles* and
Blushes meet,
 And shew her *Heart* both *Tender* and
Discreet.





Miss THORNHILL.

BEhold *MINERVA*'s Dignity of
Mien,
With all the Sweetness of the *Cyprian*
Queen!



Mrs. KING.

Eternal *Venus* is around Her Spread!
May Love, *Luxuriant* Love, at-
tend her Bed!



Lady BETTY HERVEY,
now Manfel.

SOFT as the Lilly, or the *Provence*
Rose,
More lasting Fair, and full as Sweet as
Those.

Countess



Countess of ROCHFORD.

HER Beauty, like the Sun's impartial
Light,
Shines forth, and cheers each fond Be-
holder's Sight :

Secure and Pleas'd, whilst *Honour* is her
Guide,

She scorns the dull Restraints of Fear or
Pride.



Miss SUSEY BUNBURY.

now Mrs. Handerside.

HER Air, her Voice, each Motion,
All conspire

To raise in ev'ry Gallant Breast desire :

Yet such nice *Conduct* does the Maid
adorn,

None Boast her *Favour*, or Accuse her
Scorn.

Miss



Miss MOLLY BUNBURY.

NATURE yet uninform'd by *Art's*
Disguise,

Sports on her Lips, and sparkles in her
Eyes :

Unpractis'd in the Mischiefs of her Sex,
She only knows to *Please*, and not to
Vex.



Miss HARRIET D'EWES.

HER Value does by long Acquain-
tance rise,

Always secure to *Please*, tho' not
Surprise.

D

Miss



Miss SMITHSON.

THE CHEVELEY* Graces in the Nymph
appear,
A Rural Innocence, and Courtly Air.

* Cheveley, is the Seat of Lady Dover, her
Aunt.



Miss PEGGY CLAGET.

TRANSPORTING Object of our Sight
and Touch!
Grant This Sense more, or not to That
so much.

Miss



Miss DILLY SPRING!

HER Youthful Charms ^{and Gentle}
 Light convey,
 Sweet as the Morning-Star disclosing
 Day: ^{Her Beauty is} so gently heavenly
 Silent She moves, but Certain to impart
 New Beauties to the Eye, fresh Gladness
 to the Heart.



CUPID not blind.

NOT far from the *HIDE lives a
 Damsel, so Fair,
 I'd Give Her my Heart for one Lock of
 her Hair.

D²

Her

* A Celebrated Wood near Hengrove-Hall in Suffolk, the Seat of Sir William Gage.

Her *Cheeks* are like *Roses* That Blush in
their Prime;

Her *Lips* sweet as *Cherries* just Gather'd
in Time.

To Gaze on her *Eyes* might an *Hermit*
in flame;

And Who Looks on her *Moles* but Thinks
o' That same?

Her *Bubbles* so prettily heave up and
down,

The Sight wou'd Please All from a *King*
to a *Clown*.

Her *Waist* is as Taper as *MERCURY'S*
Rod,

And the *Treasures* below were a Prize
for a *God*:

Those *Beauties* are Hid --- but my *Fancy*
can trace

SHE'S a *VENUS* when *Naked*, as *Drest*
She's a *GRACE*.

Now, *CUPID*, Divine --- Who's This
Charming Fine Thing?

Well! for once You've Guess'd right: 'tis
Dear *MOLLY SPRING*.

SONG.



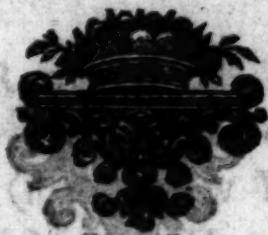
SONG.

I.

CÆLIA, Conscious of her Beauty,
Treats her Servant with Disdain;
Like a Tyrant claims his Duty,
Yet Rewards his Love with Pain.

II.

CUPID, O Survey Thy Quiver!
And Address the Keenest Dart;
Pride no longer will Deceive Her,
When She feels a Bleeding Heart.





*Writ on a Bench in the Glade
of a Wood.*

Wou'd You Know how We Live in
our *Rural Retreat*,
You Who Think All are *Wretched* but
They That are *Great*?
The *Field* and the *Study*, by Turns, vary
the Scene;
Or *Girls* and a *Bottle*, when in *Love* or
the *Spleen*.
Thus in *Ease* not *inglorious* but *Hours*
glide away;
Soft falls the *calm Evening*, gay *Springs*
the *Young Day*.



Carving



*Carving her Name on the
Bark of a Tree.*

Forgive Me, Hospitable Tree!
And if beneath Thy friendly Shade
Thou e'er shalt View the lovely Maid,
For whom I Bleed with *secret Smart*;
Tell Her, the Wounds I gave to Thee
Affect Alone thine *outward Part*;
But Those her Eyes have giv'n to Me
Sunk *deeper far*, and Pierc'd my *Heart*.



*A Question put upon the Bench
in the HIDE.*

FAIR, Auspicious, Gentle MAIDS!
Sweet Oracles of These Blest Shades!
Tell Me (for I Know You can)
What will Make a **HAPPY MAN?**

Is it *Wisdom, Wit, or Wealth?*

Ancient Blood? or Youthful Health?

May Conqu'ring Chiefs That Title Boast?

Or is the WORLD for LOVE well Lost?

Fair, auspicious, gentle MAIDS!

Sweet Oracles of these Blest Shades!

Tell Me (for I Know You can)

What will make a HAPPY MAN?



An Answer by ----

I Will Tell You, if I may,

What will make a HAPPY DAY.

Bring back the Rovings of Thy Youth

To bear with the Important Truth:

'Tis None of All That Wanton Train

Summ'd up in Thy Poetick Vein;

Neither is it VENUS' Theft,

But it is The WORLD well Left.

I will Tell You, if I may,

What will make a HAPPY DAY.

Occasioned

Occasioned by the foregoing
VERSES.

A NIGHTINGALE That sought This
* Grove,
The Seat of *Music* and of *Love*,
Was wont in Artless Strains to Sing
The *Bloomy Beauties* of the *Spring*,
When, lo! She heard a solemn Noise
From the dark *RAVEN*'s fatal Voice,
That bid the *Wanton* change her Note,
And Tune to *Graver Airs* her Throat:
Sighing the *Am'rous Bird* Reply'd,
Sung This short *Dirge*, and then she
Died.

" Severe are These Censorious Days,
* When *SATIRE* less Offends than *PRAISE*.

An

* The HIDE.



An EJACULATION.

YE Pow'rs supreme! Who rule this
Vassal Earth,

Why to my Wretched Being gave Ye
Birth?

Is *This to Live?* in Endless Care to roam
A *Pilgrim* from the *Cradle* to the *Tomb*?
In our *Uncertain Voyage* below, tho' *Few*,
Yet *some* attain the *Port* their *Hopes*
pursue:

My feeble *Barge* by raging *Storms* was
Toft

O'er the *rough Billows* on a *Dreary Coast*:
Whilst *Happier Mortals Fair Possessions*
got,

The Vale of Tears, alas! was all my
Lot:

There *Doom'd to Wander*, I neglected
Moan,

By *FORTUNE* Jilted, and by *LOVE* Un-
done.

Inscribed



Inscribed on a Drinking-Glass.

VENUS no more shall be MOUNT
IDA's Pride !

The Queen of *Beauty* now frequents the
HIDE,



*Writ on a Seat in the Glade
of the HIDE.*

STAY PASSENGER, Whoe'er Thou art,
And, if Thou bear'st a Gentle Heart,
Pray for the Soul of ONE in Love,
That often *Haunts* this Gloomy Grove.

The *Wretch* was in a *State of Grace*,
Whilst He cou'd View Bright CÆLIA's
Charms;

(For *Paradise* is in her Face,
And *Heaven*, I trust, is in her Arms.)

But

But from That GODDESS far Remov'd,
 He hovers between *Hope* and *Fear*;
 And *Death-like Absence* having Prov'd,
 Now Mourns in PURGATORY Here.



CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

AN Am'rous poor Unhappy Swain,
 Who long a Slave to CÆLIA's Pride,
 That haughty MAID had Sued in vain,
 To CYTHERÆA thus Apply'd:

ARIET.

HAIL Propitious Deity! i
 All Nature does Thy Bounty Bless!
 Hear then an humble Votary!
 Relieve the *Faithful* in *Distress*!
 Subdue That Unrelenting Fair,
 Or let Me *Die*, Who now *Despair*.

RECITATIVO.

RECITATIVO.

VENUS, his heavy Woe beguiling,
Hopes inspir'd and gay Desire;
So, Night dispers'd, AURORA smiling
Cheers the Soul with *Genial Fire*:
Come, YOUTH, said she, take *This*
Advice,
When WOMEN prove *Coquet*, or *Nice*.

ARIET.

Fickle is the FEMALE MIND,
LOVE, like CHANCE, *Perverse* and
Blind.
Sigh no more the Nymph pursuing;
Wild and Wanton strive to Pain Her;
Leave thy dull officious Wooing;
Make Her *Jealous*, That may gain Her.
Range among the Sex and Rove;
All have not obdurate Hearts:
From the *Palace* to the *Grove*,
LOVE at random throws his *Darts*.



An ELEGY.

I DREAMT but Now (for oh! 'twas All
a Dream;

The Nymph, I fear, ne'er meant That
Kind Extream)

Some Tears of Pity from MYRTILLA
stole,

That Dropt like Balm upon my wounded
Soul.

Methought, She said, "Arise, Dear in-
jur'd Swain!

"And reap the full Reward of All Thy
Pain:

"What You Desir'd, Unwilling I De-
ny'd;

"And Liv'd a Wretched Slave to Fame,
and Pride:

"Defend Me, Shepherd! from Those
False Alarms;

"O Take Me, Hide Me, Hold Me in
Thy Arms!

My

Several Occasions. 47

My Heart, exulting with Approaching
Bliss,

Sprung forth to Meet Her in an Ardent
Kiss,

While *Fancy* sporting, Bold and Un-
confin'd,

In Thousand Am'rous Folds our Limbs
entwin'd:

Through all the Mazes of Delight I
rov'd

By *Nature* form'd, and *Wanton Wit* im-
prov'd:

Till the *Fierce Tide of Joy Tumultuous*
broke

The Bands of Sleep, When I surpris'd
Awoke;

Found my Whole Frame Dissolv'd in sweet
Excess,

But no fond Partner in the soft Distress.

VENUS! Propitious Queen of young
Desires!

Must I then Languish still in Hopeless
Fires!

Or

Or was *This Flatt'ring Omen* not in vain?
O Join our *Loves*, or Equal our *Disdain!*



Epilogue to the ALCHEMIST.

As Acted by the young
Gentlemen of Bury-School,

1721.

OLD Surly BEN, to Night has let
us know,
That in this ISLE a Plenteous Crop did
grow
Of *Knaves* and *Fools* a Hundred Years
ago.
Chymists, Bawds, Gamesters, and a Nu-
merous Train
Of humble Rogues, Content with mode-
rate Gain.
The *Poet*, had he liv'd to see *This Age*,
Had brought *Sublimers Villains* on the
Stage;

Our

Several Occasions. 49

Our *Knaves* Sin higher now than those of
Old:

Kingdoms, not Private Men, are *Bought*
and *Sold:*

Witness the *South-Sea* Project; which
hath shown,

How far *Philosophers* may be out-
done

By *Modern Statesmen* that have found
the Stone.

Well might it take its Title from the
Main,

That *Rose* so swift, and *Sunk* so soon
again.

Fools have been always *bit* by artful
Lyes;

But here the *Cautious* were deceiv'd, and
Wise:

And yet, in these Flagitious Monstrous
Times,

The *Knaves* detected *Triumph* in their
Crimes;

E

Wallow

50 POEMS on

Wallow in Wealth, have all Things at
Command,

And Brave the Vengeance of an *Injur'd*
Land.

Well! since we've Learn'd Experience
at our Cost,

Let us preserve the *Remnant* not yet
Lost,

Though *Law* from *France* be landed
on the Coast:

By Sober Arts Aspire to *Guileless*
Fame,

And Prove that *Virtue's* not an empty
Name.





To Mrs. MARY SPRING with
the SPECTATORS.

REceive This Gift; nor, Gentle Maid,
refuse

The fond Address of an Officious Muse;
That of her meaner Store can little
send,

And *Abler Wits* would to your choice
commend.

In These nice Finish'd Pieces You may
find

Each *Beauty* trac'd and *Blemish* of the
Mind.

The *Diff'rent* *Airs* in Humankind that
rise

From VIRTUE, PRUDENCE, IGNORANCE
and VICE,

With all *Those Signs*, so Few have Understood,

Which mark the *Real* from the *Seeming Good*,

Are to Your View expos'd with happy Care;

Just the *Designs*, and *Sweet* the *Col'ring* are.

What Grave PHILOSOPHERS could never Teach,

Nor heavy PARSONS in their Pulpits reach,

In short Excursions, *here* You will Attain,

Without *laborious Search*, or *studious Pain*.

Through all the MORALS artfully are spread

A *Thousand Graces* That invite to *Read*.

So

Several Occasions. 53

So the blest ANGELS, When they leave
their Skies,

Assume some Fav'rite Form to Greet our
Eyes:

With *Winning Eloquence* their Charge
Dispense,
And both *Instruct* the Soul, and *Charm*
the Sense.

May Pleasing Truths your *soft Inqui-*
ries crown;

And You grow WISE, nor *Wrinkle* know,
nor *Frown.*

Unenvy'd, whether VIRGIN *Ease* You
share,

Or take a HUSBAND to *Divide* Your
Care.

May *Fortune* still on All your *Vows* At-
tend;

Preserve Your LOVER, and Confirm your
FRIEND.



*To a young Lady in Danger
of making a Mistake for
Life.*

CAN then my Dove forsake this
faithful Breast

In such a vile Retreat to Build her
Nest?

Forgive Me, Dear unthinking Fickle
Maid!

That thus severely I Thy Choice up-
braid.

'Tis fond Concern these harsh Reproaches
draws:

My Heart, oh! Bleeds in Love's and
Beauty's Cause.

Unjust to Me, and to Yourself Un-
kind!

Tho' Deaf to Love, be not to Prudence
Blind.

More

Several Occasions.

55

More for your Int'rest than My own I
Fear:

Your *Husband*, not my *Rival*, gives me
Care

Should some Brave Youth, Whom *Worth*
and *Truth* commends,
(But, ah! how Rare Such Lovers, or Such
Friends!

Who Knows to Prize the Merits of your
Charms,

By long Persuasion win you to his
Arms.

Tho' Grieved, Submissive I might then
Resign:

Your *Bless* would make Amends for Loss
of Mine.

But if, seduc'd by low Desires of Gain,
You, who might Give, Receive the Mar-
riage Chain:

Too soon, Unhappy, (and without Ex-
cuse,)

You want that *Pity*, which you Me Re-
fuse.



*Prologue to the MERRY
WIVES OF WINDSOR.*

*Acted by the Young Gen-
tlemen of Bury-School,*

1723.

IN Those Blest Days e'er Peevish Re-
formation

Deny'd Poor Priests the Rights of For-
nication,

Our Good Lord ABBOT, and his Sons of
Grace,

Enjoy'd sweet Quarters in This Happy
Place.

He and his Monks, like FALSTAFF, and
His Set,

Took All for Fish That came into their
Net.

Mar-

Several Occasions. 57

Marriage They did Abjure, so Heav'n
Defend 'em!
Yet Each cou'd Hold a *Damsel* in Com-
mendam!
But lest Grave Men might seem to Play
the Fool,
Their Frolicks all were laid on a *Mad*
Bull.

Not *Bulls* from *ROME* such *Miracles*
have shown,
As That *White Bull* from neighb'ring
* *HABYRDON*.
No *Virgins* then 'till *Fifty* stuck o' Hand;
No *Barren Matrons* mourn'd within our
Land.

Love

* The Mannor of Habyrdon was held by the Te-
nure of furnishing a White Bull to the Abbey, which,
at certain Times, was carried in Procession to the Bier
of St. Edmond, where Ladies who complained of Bar-
renness, after the Ceremony of Stroaking the Bull,
made their Offerings.

Love was like ready Money in the Nation,
 And Their* Exchequer gave it Circulation.
 But Raillery apart — This Jolly Town
 For Acts of Gallantry was always Known.
 Not that the Ladies were less Chaste than

Fair :

True Rigour's in the Heart, and not the
 Air.

In gen'rous Freedom Virtue shoud be
 plac'd ;

By servile Chains her Honour is Debas'd,
 The Formal often lead the loosest Lives ;

Then — Merry be your Hearts My
 MAIDS and WIVES.

While Conscious Merit justifies your
 Claim,

Affume the Pride That's Due to Beauty's
 Fame.

For Heroes, WINDSOR does the World
 excell :

For Toasts, Our BURY bears away the
 Bell.

Epilogue

* A Place so called, belonging formerly to the
 Abbey.

For This, of old, were Colleges



And large Immunities, and Gifts allow'd.

We too our Boss a Royal Founder

Epilogue on the same Occasion.

Who Thought Our Muses not beneath

LLIB'RAL Souls, to sordid *Av'rice*
bred,

With Jealous Thoughts the **SCHOOLS** of

Science dread:

They look with Envy, when Those

Forts arise.

To Combat *Error*, and Extirpate *Vice*:

But All whom *Honour*, or whom *Worth*
commends,

Are to Good *Discipline* and *Learning*
Friends.

The Favours They for *Those just Ends*
bestow

Grace the *Receivers*, and the *Donors* too:

No *Structure* rais'd upon the *Noblest*

Plan,

Yields half the Credit, as to *Build* a

MAN.

For

For *This*, of old, were COLLEGES
endow'd,

And large *Immunities*, and *Gifts* allow'd.
We too can Boast a ROYAL FOUNDER
Here,

Who Thought *Our* MUSES not beneath
His Care.

But now the *Tuneful Nine* are forc'd to
Dwell,

Like poor old *Alms-Women*, within a
Cell.

* Of EDWARD'S *Bounty* little *Fruit*
appears,

Through *Fraud*, or *Folly*, of Succeeding
Years.

Well! Various *Schemes* o' late have drain'd
your *Pence*,

Subscribe — for once — to VIRTUE
and to SENSE.

Re-

* EDWARD VI. founded Bury-School.

Several Occasions. 61

Restore the *Splendor* that the SCHOOL
has Lost;

And let Your SONS grow *Wise* — though
at *Your Cost*.

So shall MINERVA on Your *Labours* smile,
And BURY be The ATHENS of Our
ISLE.



Written

Restore the Splendor that the School
 And let Your Sons glow with — though

Written June 5. 1724. up-
 on my Surprising Recovery
 from a Dangerous Illness by
 the Care of Dr. Mead.

WHEN lately Ling'ring with Con-
 suming Pain,
 That Drank my Blood, and Scorch'd my
 tortur'd Brain,
 My Hands and Knees in trembling Con-
 cert join'd,
 Feeble my Body, and as Weak my Mind;
 Idle the WITTY seem'd, and Dull the
 WISE,
 The FAIR *Themselves* look'd Faded in my
 Eyes;
 Restless and Faint, I found no Help from
 Art
 To Cool my Head, or Cheer my Droop-
 ing Heart,

Till

Several Occasions. 63

Till my Good GENIUS pointed to my
Aid

Thy Happy Counsel, O Judicious MEAD!

The Foe, That long with Scorn had kept
the Field,

At Thy Approach was quickly forc'd to
Yield.

So swift your Progress, and withal so
sure,

It shew'd more like a *Miracle* than Cure.

And yet I took, to Drown the *Fell*
Disease,

No *nauseous Draught* : At once You
Save and Please.

So When the *Pulse* of CONSCIENCE
from Within

Has giv'n *Strong Symptoms* of some
Deadly Sin,

To Learned TILLOTSON I've told my
Grief,

And sought from *His Dispensary* Relief.

The

The Sickly Soul's Great *ÆSCULAPIUS*,
He

Soon from each *Fev'rish* *PASSION* set
me Free.

His soft *Infusions* steal upon the Mind;

His *Elocution* moves; his *Reasons* bind;

Each short *Instructive* *Page* more *Skill*
can show,

Each *Sound* *Prescription* surer *Health*
bestow,

Than all the *Drugs* That from *GENEVA*
come,

Or all the *Gilded* *Pills* They sell at
ROME.



An Extempore Epistle to Mrs.
MERIOLINA SPRING.

THE Bards of Old, so Learn'd and
Wise,

Nine *Female Muses* did Devise,
When at the same Time They thought fit
To name but One *Male God* of Wit;

And still the Charming Sex We find
The Noblest Part of Human Kind;
Whilst double Influence They Dispenſe,
Victorious by their Eyes and Senſe:
They Guide our Heads, and Rule our
Hearts;

Refine our Manners, and our Parts.
Among the Men the Few who claim
To Wit, or Worth, a laſting Name;
All That, or Give, or Merit Praise,
From Thoſe bright Stars derive their
Rays.

'Tis by their Happy Genial Light
 The *Painters* Draw, the *Poets* write.
 Ev'n I, the Meanest of the Tribe,
 An Humble *Sonnetteering* Scribe,
 Warm'd by your soft Poetick Fire,
 To loftier Numbers may Aspire,
 Who Now in haste my Thoughts convey
 In This Familiar Doggrel Way.
 More greedily your *Lines* I Learn,
 Than Graceless Parson stuffs his Barn,
 Or Lady's Chaplain crams his Belly
 With Whipt Cream, Marmalade, or
 Jelly.
 More I would say, but here Comes
 Dinner,
 And I must Eat, as I'm a Sinner.
 Commend me then in short to All,
 Who *Live* and *Laugh* at HENGRAVE-
 HALL,
 From little DILLY * *sly* and *sleek*,
 To MOLLY with her *Dimpled Cheek*:

But

* De la Riviere.

Several Occasions.

67

But naming MOLLY, *à propos*,
How does the Pretty Cripple do?
I swear That ugly wicked Blow
Just broke my Heart, That bruise'd her
Toe.

If *Kisses* wou'd Allay the Smart,
I wou'd *Kiss* That, or — Any Part.
For 'tis no Wonder I should *Love* Her,
When Both *Coquets* and *Prudes* Approve
Her.

Peace, Plenty, Pleasure, from his Soul
He Drinks to All, who Signs This Scroll.

R. P.



F 2

The



The SPECIFICK.

*To a Young Physician, whose
Mistress was likewise his
Patient.*

WOULD YOU the FAIR both Cure and
Please,
And merit, DOCTOR, *Double Fees?*
With *happ*y Care your Skill Employ
To mix the *Seeds* and *Flow'rs* of Joy,
Free from each vile Polluting Weed,
That *Hate*, *Distrust*, or *Scorn* may breed:
Let solid *Sense* Gay *Humour* join;
And with Good *Manners* *Wit* refine;
To vig'rous *Health*, and comely *Youth*,
Add *Honour*, *Tenderness*, and *Truth*;
Then in *Love's Limbeck* 'Still the Whole:
The *Cordial Drops* will *Cheer* her *Soul*.



An EPI T A P H.

THE Man, who lies beneath This
Stone,

Liv'd no One's *Foe* besides his Own :

The *Faults* He had were not a Few,

But most of a *Good-natur'd* *Hue* :

When sudden *Gusts* his *Anger* mov'd,

With *Zeal* He *Hated*, as He *Lov'd*;

But Gentler *Pow'rs* soon rul'd his Mind,

The *Peevish* yielded to the *Kind* :

Where He found *FRIEND*, or *MISTRESS*

True,

He Melted like *Descending Dew* :

Free from all mean *Distrust*, or *Art*,

Sincere and *Open* was his *Heart* :

He *Honour'd* *MERIT* in *Disgrace*,

And *Scorn'd* a *VILLAIN* in *high Place* :

To *GOD*, and *CÆSAR* *Tribute* gave,

Yet neither *BIGOT* was, or *SLAVE*,

And in three Words, to Sum the Whole,

Was a *Warm*, *Honest*, *Am'rous* *Son*. I

The Renew'd



The REVOLUTION.

I.

FICKLE once, and Changing,
Wild as Wanton Air,
Thro' the *Whole Sex* ranging
None cou'd give Me Care;

II.

When by Chance Pursuing
IRIS to the Grove,
I in Idle Wooing
Talkt to Her of Love:

III.

Tho' her Eyes lookt Killing,
Soon I found her Heart,
Was extremely Willing
To Relieve my Smart:

IV.

Prompted by Occasion,
Urg'd by strong Desire,
I indulg'd my Passion,
She Renew'd my Fire:

V.

Several Occasions.

71

V.

Lips She had Excelling

All I've Kist or Seen;

And What's more worth Telling;

You know, what I mean.

VI.

Such a Nymph Careless,

Ah, You'll say, how blest!

No: Since the Possessing

How much more Distrest!

VII.

From an Happy Rover

Free from Am'rous Pain,

Now an Anxious Lover

Lo! I drag her Chain;

VIII.

While She daily Changing,

Wild as Wanton Air,

Through *our Whole Sex* ranging

None can give Her Care,

IX.

CUPID makes, to Spite Us,

Or because He's Blind,

All, whose Charms Invite Us,

Cruel, or too *Kind*.

Albii



Albii Tibulli Elegia Prima a
Versu Primo ad Septem,
deinde, ab Quadragesimo
primo ad finem.

D*IVITIAS* alius fulvo sibi congerat
auro,

Et teneat culti jugera magna soli :

Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,

Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

Me mea paupertas vitæ traducit inertis,

Dum meus exiguo luceat igne focus.

*Non ego Divitias patrum, fructusque
requiro,*

Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo.

*Parva seges satis est, parvo requiescere
lecto,*

Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.

Quàm



*The First Elegy of the First
Book of TIBULLUS, from
the First to the Seventh
Verse, and from the Forty
First to the End.*

LET Others share the Spoils *Ambition*
yields,
Their treasur'd Gold, their Tracts of Fer-
tile Fields;

Whom daily Fears of fierce invading Foes
Deny the sweeter Fruits of calm Repose.

Poor be my Lot, inglorious my Desires,
So my Hearth shine with constant Chear-
ful Fires.

I crave not Riches, nor th' Extent of Land
My wealthier Ancestors did once com-
mand.

This Little *Farm* will All I'd Ask supply:
In This lov'd Cottage let me Live and Die.

What

*Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cuban-
tem,*

*Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu !
Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit
Auster,*

Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi !

*Hoc mihi contingat. Sit dives jure, fu-
rorem*

*Qui maris, & tristes ferre potest plu-
vias.*

*O quantum est auri pereat, potiusque sinu
ragdi,*

Quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.

Several Occasions, 75

What *Pleasure* 'tis each Night at *Home*
to Rest,

Like *Birds* frequenting our *Accustom'd*
Nest!

What *Pleasure* 'midst the *Warring Winds*
alarms,

To *clasp* a Gentle *MISTRESS* in our
Arms!

Or when the *Breezy Clouds* in *Murmurs*
Weep,

Lull'd by the *Noise*, to sink to *founder*
Sleep!

Thus *Blest* ; Unenvy'd be their *Hopes*
(for me)

Whom *AV'RICE* tempts thro' *Toils* and
Storms at *Sea*.

Ah ! never in *LOVE's Annals* be it said,
That I thus *wander'd* from a *Plaintive*
MAID.

Not *Orient Pearl*, not *Gems* of highest
Price

Avail one *Precious Drop* from *Female*
Eyes.

War,

Te bellare decet terra, Messala, mari-

que,

Ut domus hostiles præferat exuvias.

Me retinent vinctum formosæ vincla

puella,

Et sedeo duras janitor ante fores

Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia: tecum

Dummodo sim, quæso segnis, inersque

vocer.

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit

hora,

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Flebis Carsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,

Tristibus & lacrymis oscula mista dabis.

Flebis: non tua sunt duro præcordia ferro

Vincta, nec in tenero stat tibi corde silex.

Illo

Several Occasions.

77

War, Great *MESSALLA*, may thy *Rank*
become,

And *Hostile Trophies* should Adorn Thy
Dome.

A *Slave* to *Love*, on *Beauty's* Call I
Wait;

My *Post of Duty* lies at *DELIA's* Gate.

The *Busy* World these *Idle Cares* may
Blame;

But, *DELIA*! *Life* with *Thee* is more
than *Fame*.

Ev'n in *Fate's* Gloomy Hour on *Thee* I'd
Gaze,

And *Dying* feebly reach one Fond Em-
brace!

And Thou (for well I know, so Kind
Thou art,

The Sight would Pierce Thy *soft-impas-
sion'd* Heart.)

Wilt Weep to see me on the *Fun'ral* Bed,

And mingle *Kisses* with the Tears you
shed.

Nor

Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quis-

quam

Lumina, non virgo sicca referre do-

min.

Tu Manes ne lade meos, sed parce so-

lutis

Crinibus, & teneris, Delia, parce genis.

Interea, dum fata sinunt, jungamus

amores.

Jam veniet tenebris mors adoperta

caput.

Jam subrepet iners etas, nec amare de-

cebit,

Dicere nec cano blanditias capite.

Nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum fran-

gere postes

Non pudet, & rixas inseruisse juvat.

Hic

Several Occasions. 79

Nor YOUTH, nor gen'rous MAID, who
views my Urn,

Will with *dry Eyes*, I weet, from Thence
Return.

But THOU restrain Thy Grief, and, oh!
forbear

To Wound those tender Cheeks, Those
Locks to Tear.

And Now, whilst yet our *Day-light* does
remain,

Let us contrive it may not shine in vain.

DEATH in his *Sable Veil* steals on apace.

AGE too robs LOVE, you know, of All
its *Grate*.

Grey Hairs and *Gallantry* but ill agree:

Catch, catch the fleeting Hours, e'er yet
They Flee.

YOUTH is the lucky Season of Address,

When LOVERS *Arms* can only hope
Success.

Design'd by NATURE for *This am'rous*
Fight,

Here lyes the *Skill* I boast, and here my
Might.

Colours

*Hic ego dux, milesque bonus; vos signa,
tubaque*

Ite procul, cupidis vulnera ferte viris,

Ferte & opes. Ego composito securus

acervo

Despiciam dites, despiciamque famem.



Several Occasions. 81

*Colours, and Drums, and Fifes hence far
Retire.*

*And restless CHIEFS to glorious Haz-
zards fire.*

*Intrench'd within the Fortune That I
Prize,*

I Fear no Want, and Vanity Despise.



G

The



Quinti Horatii Flacci,

ODE II. LIB. III.

I.

*A*ngustam, Amici, pauperiem pati

Robustus acri militia puer

Condiscat, & Parthos feroces

Vexet eques metuendus hasta :

II.



The Second ODE of the
Third Book of *Horace*.

Humbly Inscribed to his Grace
the Duke of ARGYLL and
GREENWICH.

I

TO *Discipline*, and *Dangers* Breed,
And by the Hardships, *Camps*
endure,

The *Sturdy Boy*, my FRIENDS, inure
With Patience *pinching Want* to bear

Teach Him to Mount the *fiery Steed*;
And, Dreadful with his Glitt'ring Spears

To Gall the PARTHIAN and the
MED E.

II.

Vitamque sub dio, & trepidis agat

In rebus. Illum ex mænibus hosticis

Matrona bellantis Tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta Virgo

III.

Suspiret: Eheu, ne rudis agminum

Sponsus laceffat regius asperum

Tactu leonem, quem cruenta

Per medias rapit iracædes.

IV.

II. VI

Him if some *Royal Dame* Behold
Advancing near the hostile Tow'rs,
Ah Me! She'll cry, Forbid, ye Pow'rs!
The KING, my Lord, unus'd to Arms,
Shou'd urge, unfortunately Bold,
Yon Lion, Who the Plain alarms
With *Rage* and *Slaughter* uncontroul'd.

III.

When in our COUNTRY's *Cause* We Fight,
What *Glories* on a SOLDIER wait!
How *Welcome* is the HEROE's Fate!
The Youth, who Timorous wou'd *Retreat*,
Shuns but in vain grim DEATH's quick
Sight;
The *Stripling* at each Turn HE'll meet,
Or overtake Him in his *Flight*.

IV.

Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.

Mors & fugacem persequitur virum :

Nec parcat imbellis juventa

Poplitibus, timidoque tergo,

V.

Virtus, repulse nescia fordide,

Intaminatis fulget honoribus :

Nec sumit aut ponit secures

Arbitrio popularis aure.

IV.

PATRIOTS no vile *Repulses* Know;
 They with *unsully'd Honours* Shine,
 Tho' FACTIONS in Their Fall combine:
 The *Rods* and *Axes* of the BRAVE
 To none but to *Themselves* THEY
 Owe;
 No *Popular Suffrages* They Crave;
 To VIRTUE 'tis Alone They Bow.

V.

VIRTUE's a Strong and *Piercing Light*,
 That ope's a *Passage* through the
 Skies,
 Deny'd and Hid to *Vulgar Eyes*:
 SHE quits the *Dabbling Fowl* That Lye
 In *Fenny Bogs*, and *Error's Night*;
 But *Those*, who *Firmer Pinions* try,
 She Guides to HEAVEN's immortal
 Height.

VI.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori

Cælum, negata tentat iter via :

Cætusque vulgareis & nudum

Spernit humum fugiente penna.

VII.

Est & fideli tuta silentio

Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum

Vulgarit arcana, sub iisdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum.

VIII.

Solvat Phaselum. Sape Diespiter

Neglectus incesto addidit integrum :

Rard antecedentem scelestum

Deseruit pede pœna claud.

VI.

VALOUR and WISDOM claim Respect :
 RELIGION too Demands your Care ;
 Whose *Rites* * with *Silent Awe* Revere.
 Who sacred *Mysteries* Reveal,
 Shou'd Judgments from the GOD's expect :
 With such at Sea I'd fear to Sail,
 Lest *Guilty Commerce* shou'd Infect.

VII.

By PROVIDENCE, severely Just,
 Join'd in one *Common Ruin* We,
 The *Pious* oft and *Impious* See :
 But *Instances* are very Few
 Of Men abandon'd to their Lust,
 Whom *Vengeance* does not close Pursue,
 And Scatter Them, as *Wind* the Dust.

C A N.

* This refers to the *Mysterious Ceremonies* practised in celebrating the Feasts of CERES; a Custom derived from the GREEKS, among whom to Divulge Those *Rites*, was lookt upon as the Highest Crime, and accordingly punished with Death; and They who heard, were adjudged as Guilty. See DACIER.



CANTATA.

Set severally to MUSICK.

By Colonel Blaithwayte,
Mrs. Margaret Robison,
and Mr. Green, Organist
of St. Paul's.

RECITATIVO.

BENEATH a Beech, as STREPHON
laid

Reclin'd on CLOE's Breast,
She *Blush'd* — and thus the Gentle
Maid

Her tender Fear confest.

ARIET.

Several Occasions, 91

ARIET.

WANTON *Shepherd* ! Prithee
Leave Me ;

You but Court Me, to Deceive Me.

Men, alas ! are still Pursuing

Poor unhappy *Women's* Ruin.

Wanton *Shepherd* ! Prithee leave Me ;

You but Court Me, to Deceive Me.

RECITATIVO.

THE *Swain* hung o'er the *Panting*
Fair,

With Rapture viewing e'ery Feature ;

Fondly He sooth'd each rising Care,

And thus Address'd the *Pretty Creature*.

ARIET.

CLOE ! I can ill Dissemble —

You may Trust my *Heart* and
Eyes —

Lo ! I *Languish*, *Burn*, and *Trem-*
ble —

Is This *Nature*, or *Disguise* ?

But

But *These Symptoms* (Tell Me True)
Are, perhaps, Unknown to You.

D U E T.

AH! We Neither can Dissemble.
We may Trust our Hearts and
Eyes.

Lo! I Languish, Burn, and Tremble,
Nature Triumphs o'er Disguise.



Lo! I Languish, Burn, and Trem-
ble —

THE Nature, or Disguise?

But



THE
MYRTLE
TO A
LADY.

Floridis velut enitens
Myrtus Asia ramulis,
Quos Hamadryades Deæ
Ludicrum sibi roscido
Nutriunt humore. ----

Catull. Epithal. Juliae & Manlii.

PHÆBUS the *Laurell*, BACCHUS chose
the *Vine*;

The tender *Myrtle's* VENUS' *Tree*, and

THINE:

As *Her* Bright *Charms* adorn *Thy* Hea-
v'nly *Face*,

So the *Same* *Ensigns* shou'd *Thy* *Vot'ries*
Grace.

Each

Each Morn *Thy Gift* I Place before my
Sight,
And Think of *THEE*, the *Giver*, with
Delight:
Then from the streaming Urn I gently
Pour,
To *Cheer* the *Plant*, a soft *refreshing*
Show'r.

But, Happy *HE*!

Who thus might daily, Gazing on Those
Eyes,
Pour out *sweet Pleasure*, and *blest*
Sacrifice.
May, Lovely Maid! each smiling *Branch*
appear
With *op'ning Bloom* in each returning
Year,
The *Leaves unsully'd*, as *Thy Native*
Truth,
And *Fragrant* as *Thy Beauty* and *Thy*
Youth.

Catullus



Catullus ad Lesbiam.

Vivamus mea LESBIA, atque amemus,
 Rumoresque senium severiorum
 Omnes unius aestimemus assis.

Soles occidere, & redire possunt :

Nobis cum semel occidit brevis Lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,

Dein mille altera, da secunda centum,

Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum :

Dein cum multa millia facerimus,

Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,

Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,

Cum tantum sciat esse bassiorum.

Imitated in English.

LET us, LESBIA, Love and Play,
 Careless what the Grave Ones say.

This

This *Ev'ning* SUN at *Morn* may rise:
But LIFE's short transitory *Light*
Knows no *new Dawn*, to Glad our Eyes:
When once 'tis *Set*, 'tis *endless Night*.

A Thousand *Kisses*, Gentle Maid!
An hundred Thousand Thousand more,
Give me, nor Dearest! be Afraid,
Lest I grow *Cloy'd*, or Thou grow *Poor*.

When *They* to such a Sum amount,
As *Numbers* can't record, or *Art*,
We'll *buddle* up the *long Account*
With *One close Kiss* from *ev'ry Part*.

Let Us, *LESBIA*, *Love* and *Play*,
Careless what the *Grave Ones* say.



To a Free-Thinker.

YOU Who like HERACLITUS seem,
 And for Us merry Mortals weep,
 Is LIFE then but a restless Dream?
 And DEATH one long continu'd Sleep?
 Ah Wretch Profane! did You but Know
 The Bliss in CLOE'S Arms I prove,
 You'd own the Joys of Love Below
 Were Earnest of a HEAV'N Above.



H ELEGY.



ELEGY

WHEN I cou'd Boast the gentle
happy Art,
That us'd to Guide Me to the *Female*
Heart,

In Joys I Revel'd, and in Rapture Writ;
The FAIR, Who crown'd my Hopes, in-
spir'd my Wit.

But since That *Summer-Fruit* of Life is
Past;

(The sweetest Fruits, alas! the shortest
Last)

Since her I held most Dear, Unjust I find;
Since *Vows* are *Words* o' course, and *Sighs*
are *Wind*;

Adieu PARNASSUS, and the CYPRIAN
Groves!

Farewell, at once, the MUSES and the
LOVES!

Yet

Several Occasions.

89

Yet oh, by FATE, Devoted to the
Sex,

What soft Inquietudes my Soul perplex:
Whilst gay BELINDA'S sparkling Eyes I
View,

I feel my Former Passion rage anew.

Tho' BEAUTY'S wand'ring Lights too oft
betray,

Led by Those Stars Who would not lose
their Way?

So charm'd th' Ingrate --- with such a
Grace she smil'd, ---

Ah! with what Ease the Honest are Be-
guil'd!

Down the smooth Tide of TENDERNESS
I sail'd,

Nor fear'd the faithless Rocks That lay
conceal'd.

Thus ship-wreck'd Mariners reproach the
Main,

Yet, tir'd on Shore, soon put to Sea again.

100 POEMS ON

No Treach'ries, no Defeats can Warn-
ings prove

To make me quit th' advent'rous Cause of
LOVE.

Sweet are his Toils, and Pleasing his
Alarms ;

Ev'n Death were Welcome in BELINDA'S
Arms.

So the bold Warrior, tho' some hidden
Mine

Foil'd his Attack, resumes his brave
Design ;

Still Bent the Rampart of the Foe to
Reach,

Urges his Fate, and Falls within the
Breach.





The Western Wonder.

WHEN sprightly Young Colleton
first struck my Eye,

She look'd like some *Angel* just dropp'd
from the Sky;

The *Church* was the Place; and I lov'd,
tho' 'twas *Lent*;

I may *Fast*, and may *Pray*; but ne'er can
Repent.

Seeing her in a *Chaise*, with a
Cap and Feather, and *Riding*
Habit.

SHE Who but now as *Love's* Bright
GODDESS shone,
In This *Disguise* seems that *Arch Youth*
her SON.

And well she does their diff'rent *Emblems*
prove;

Her *Eyes* are *Arrows*, and her *Heart's*
the *Dove*.

Blest *Nymph*! Who both the *GODHEADS*
act with Ease;

Who *Wound* like *CUPID*, and like *VENUS*
Please.



THE Who but now as Love's Bright
Goddess thine
In this Disguise seems that Arch Youth
To her Son.

And

H 3



To Miss COLLETON, Play-
ing on the SPINET.

WHEN Myra Sung, and ISABELLA
Play'd,

Two noble Bards their grateful Tribute
Paid:

The distant Names still Triumph over
Time

In * WALLER's Verse, and GRANVILLE's
happy Rhyme:

Had Either Heard thy well-tun'd Spinet
sound,

Or seen Those Eyes That do so sweetly
Wound.

H 4

But

* See, the two celebrated Poems; One writ by
Mr. Waller on Lady Isabella's Playing on the Lute
the Other by my Lord Lansdown, on Myra's Singing.

The *Poet's* aided by the *Lover's*
Flame,

As Thine the *Merit*, Thine had been the
Fame.

But we no more a Courtly *WALLER*
Boast;

And *GRANVILLE* too in Foreign Realms
is Lost:

NATURE did *THEE* with ev'ry *Charm*
Befriend,

FATE Grudg'd a *MUSE* That might those
Charms commend.

Thus *ALEXANDER's* Lot and Thine are
One,

Each *Conquer'd* All, but cou'd be *Prais'd*
by None.



On HER Entering her Room.

SEE ! See ! She Comes ; with Grace-
ful Ease She Treads ;
And all around a shining Glory spreads :
Officious CUPIDS swift ; by Ways
Unseen,
Advance like *Harbingers* before their
Queen
And, of each fond Beholder's Heart
possest.
Lodge some *Attendant Charm* in ev'ry
Breast.
Her *Eyes*, Her *Cheeks*, Her *Lips*, Her
Shape, and *Air*
Love's Empire o'er her *Willing Captives*
Share ;
Each smallest *Feature* might her *Pow'r*
maintain,
And ev'ry *Hair* would weave a Lover's
Chain.

Her

Her Diff'rent Beauties, Diff'rent Men
enthrall.

But, Oh! I feel th' united Force of All.

--- in me tota ruit Venus.

*Writ on a GLASS, under
her NAME.*

WHO on her outward Form alone
wou'd Look,
Seems but to Read the Title of the
Book:

Consult her Soul; and NATURE then,
you'll find,
In a Fair Volume bound a Fairer Mind.



Soliloquy. *Walking in a
Church-Yard.*

HARD is the Lot ordain'd to MAN
by FATE,

Few are his Joys, and *short*, alas! their
Date!

All That can Charm the Taste, the Touch,
or Eye, ---

Ev'n SPRING shall Fade, and COLLETON
must Die.

Tormenting Thought! and yet in ME
how Vain,

Who Fear to Lose, What I can't Hope to
Gain?

FINIS.



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SOME
Remarkable PASSAGES
OF THE
L I F E
OF
Mr. *WYCHERLEY*.

By Mr. DENNIS.



REMARKABLE PASSAGES

OF THE



OF

MR. WYCHERLEY.

By Mr. DENNIS.

Printed by J. DODD, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

APPENDIX.

To the Honourable

Major P A C K.

S I R,



Have lately had the Satisfaction to read over your MEMOIRS of Mr. Wy-

cherley,* which I had last Week from

Mr. *Curl*, and found the Relation very enter-

taining, and the Reflections just and pathetick.

If I give you Hints of some particular Passages

which seem either to have slip't from your Memo-

ry, or to have escap'd your Knowledge, I flatter

myself that you will receive them kindly, since

they are only sent with Intention to give you an

Opportunity whenever you have a mind to re-

touch your Memoirs, to make them more com-

pleat, tho' they cannot be more agreeable.

And

* See, *Major Pack's former Volume of Miscellanies.*

And now, Sir, to enter upon the Subject, without any more Ceremony. I never could learn, either from Mr. *Wycherley* himself, or from Mr. *Dryden*, or Sir *Harry Sheers*, or Mr. *Walkenden*, or from any of those who had been longest acquainted with Mr. *Wycherley*, that he had ever resided at either of our Universities. About the Age of Fifteen he was sent for Education to the Western Parts of *France*, either to *Saintonge* or the *Angoumois*. His Abode there was either upon the Banks of the *Charante*, or very little remov'd from it. And he had there the Happiness to be in the Neighbourhood of one of the most accomplish'd Ladies of the Court of *France*, *Madame de Montausier*, whom *Voiture* has made famous by several very ingenious Letters, the most of which were writ to her when she was a Maid, and call'd *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*. I have heard Mr. *Wycherley* say, that he was often admitted to the Conversation of that Lady, who us'd to call him

him the Little *Hugenot*; and that young as he was, he was equally pleas'd with the Beauty of her Mind, and with the Graces of her Person.

Upon the writing his first Play, which was *St. James's Park*, he became acquainted with several of the most celebrated Wits, both of the Court and Town. The writing of that Play was likewise the Occasion of his becoming acquainted with one of King *Charles's* Mistresses* after a very particular manner. As Mr. *Wycherley* was going thro *Pall-Mall* towards *St. James's* in his Chariot, he met the foresaid Lady in hers, who, thrusting half her Body out of the Chariot, cry'd out aloud to him, *You, Wycherley, you are a Son of a Whore*, at the same time laughing aloud and heartily. Perhaps, Sir, if you never heard of this Passage before, you may be surpriz'd at so strange a Greeting from one of the most beautiful and best bred Ladies in the World. Mr. *Wycherley*

* *The Dutchess of Cleveland.*

216 *Some remarkable PASSAGES*

They was certainly very much surpriz'd at it, yet not so much but he soon apprehended it was spoke with Allusion to the latter End of a Song in the foremention'd Play.

When Parents are Slaves

Their Brats cannot be any other,

Great Wits and great Braves

Have always a Punk to their Mother

As Mr.

As, during Mr Wycherley's Surprise, the Cha-

riots drove different ways, they were soon at a

considerable Distance from each other, when Mr.

Wycherley recovering from his Surprise, order'd

his Coachman to drive back and to overtake the

Lady. As soon as he got over-against her, he

said to her, Madam, you have been pleas'd to

bestow a Title on me which generally belongs to

the Fortunate. Will your Ladyship be in the

Play to Night? Well, she reply'd, what if I

am there? Why then I will be there to wait

on your Ladyship, tho' I disappoint a very fine Woman who has made me an Affignation. So said she, you are sure to disappoint a Woman who has favour'd you, for one who has not. Yes, reply'd he, if she who has not favour'd me is the finer Woman of the two. But he who will be constant to your Ladyship, till he can find a finer Woman, is sure to die your Captive. The Lady blush'd, and bade her Coachman drive away. As she was then in all her Bloom, and the most celebrated Beauty that was then in England, or perhaps that has been in England since, she was touch'd with the Gallantry of that Compliment. In short, she was that Night in the first Row of the King's Box in Drury-Lane, and Mr. Wycherley in the Pit under her, where he entertain'd her during the whole Play. And this, Sir, was the beginning of a Correspondence between these two Persons, which afterwards made a great Noise in the Town.

But now, Sir, I shall proceed to remind you of something more extraordinary, and that is, that the Correspondence between Mr. *Wycherley* and the forefaid Lady was the Occasion of bringing Mr. *Wycherley* into favour with *George Duke of Buckingham*, who was passionately in Love with that Lady, who was ill treated by her, and who believed Mr. *Wycherley* his happy Rival. After the Duke had long solicited her without obtaining any thing, whether the Relation between them shock'd her, for she was his Cousin-Germain, or whether she apprehended that an Intrigue with a Person of his Rank and Character, a Person upon whom the Eyes of all Men were fix'd, must of Necessity in a little time come to the King's Ears, whatever was the Cause, she refus'd to admit of his Visits so long, that at last Indignation, Rage, and Disdain took Place of his Love, and he resolv'd to ruin her. When he had taken this Resolution, he had her so narrowly watch'd by

by his Spies, that he soon came to the Knowledge of those whom he had reason to believe his Rivals. And after he knew them, he never fail'd to name them aloud, in order to expose the Lady, to all those who frequented him, and among others, he us'd to name Mr. *Wycherley*. As soon as it came to the Knowledge of the latter, who had all his Expectations from the Court, he apprehended the consequence of such a Report, if it should reach the King. He applied himself therefore to *Wilmot* Lord *Rochester* and to Sir *Charles Sedley*, and intreated them to remonstrate to the Duke of *Buckingham* the Mischief which he was about to do to one who had not the Honour to be known to him, and who had never offended him. Upon their opening the Matter to the Duke, he cry'd out immediately, *that he did not blame Wycherley, he only accus'd his Cousin.* Ay, but, they reply'd, by rendering him suspected of such an Intrigue, you are about to

ruin him, that is, your Grace is about to ruin a Man with whose Conversation you would be pleas'd above all things. Upon this Occasion they said so much of the shining Qualities of Mr. Wycherley, and of the Charms of his Conversation, that the Duke, who was as much in love with Wit, as he was with his Kinswoman, was impatient till he was brought to sup with him, which was in two or three Nights. After Supper Mr. Wycherley, who was then in the Height of his Vigour both of Body and Mind, thought himself oblig'd to exert himself, and the Duke was charm'd to that Degree, that he cry'd out in a Transport, *By God my Cousin is in the right of it*, and from that very Moment made a Friend of a Man whom he believ'd his happy Rival.

The Duke of Buckingham gave him solid sensible Proofs of his Esteem and Affection. For as he was at the same time Master of the Horse to King Charles, and Colonel of a Regiment;

ment; as Master of the Horse he made him one of his Equeries, and as Colonel of a Regiment he made him Captain Lieutenant of his own Company, resigning to him at the same time his own Pay as Captain, and all other Advantages that could be justly made of the Company. I remember that about that time I, who was come up from the University to see my Friends in Town, happen'd to be one Night at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, with the late Dr. Duke, *David Loggan* the Painter, and Mr. *Wilson*, of whom *Owen* has made honourable Mention (in one of his Poems) and that after Supper we drank Mr. *Wycherley's* Health by the Name of Captain *Wycherley*.

He was, not long after this, in such high Favour with the King, that that Monarch gave him a Proof of his Esteem and Affection, which never any Sovereign Prince before had given to an Author who was only

ly a private Gentleman. Mr. *Wyberley* happen'd to fall sick of a Fever at his Lodgings in *Bow Street, Covent-Garden*, during which Sickness the King did him the Honour to visit him, when finding his Fever indeed abated, but his Body extremely weaken'd, and his Spirits miserably shatter'd, he commanded him, as soon as he was able to take a Journey, to go to the South of *France*, believing that nothing would contribute more to the restoring his former Vigour, than the gentle salutiferous Air of *Mompelier* during the Winter Season. At the same time the King was pleas'd to assure him, that as soon as he was capable of taking that Journey, he would order five hundred Pounds to be paid him to defray the Expence of it.

Mr. *Wyberley* accordingly went into *France* in the beginning of the Winter of 1678, if I am not mistaken, and return'd into *England*

land in the latter end of the Spring of 1679, entirely restor'd to his former Vigour, both of Body and Mind. The King receiv'd him with the utmost Marks of Favour, and shortly after his Arrival told him that he had a Son, who he was resolv'd should be educated like the Son of a King, and that he could make choice of no Man so proper to be his Governor as Mr. *Wycherley*; that for that Service he should have fifteen hundred Pounds a Year paid him, for the Payment of which he should have an Assignment upon three several Offices, whose Names I have forgot, to which the King added, *that when the Time came that his Office was to cease, he would take care to make such a Provision for him as should set him above the Malice of the World and Fortune.*

And now, Sir, is it not matter of Wonder, that One, of Mr. *Wycherley's* extraordinary Merit, who was esteem'd by all the
most

most deserving Persons of the Court of King Charles the Second, and in high Favour with the King himself, should in a little time, after he had received these gracious Offers which seem to have made and to have fix'd his Fortune, be thrown into Prison for bare seven hundred Pounds, and be suffer'd to languish there during the last four Years of that Monarch's Reign, forsaken by all his Friends at Court, and quite abandon'd by the King? 'Tis no easy matter, Sir, to find a more extraordinary Instance of the Vicissitude of human Affairs, and if the Cause of so strange an Alteration is unknown to you, I dare promise myself that you are very desirous to hear it.

It was immediately after Mr. Wycherley had receiv'd these gracious Offers from the King, that the Water-drinking Season coming on, he went down to *Uxbridge* to take either the Benefit of the Waters or the Diversions of

of the Place, when walking one Day upon the Wells-Walk with his Friend Mr. Fairbeard of Grey's-Inn, just as he came up to the Bookfeller's, my Lady Drogheda, a young Widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the Bookfeller and enquir'd for the Plain Dealer. Madam, says Mr. Fairbeard, since you are for the Plain Dealer, there be is for you, pulling Mr. Wycherley towards her. Yes, says Mr. Wycherley, this Lady can bear Plain Dealing, for she appears to be so accomplish'd, that what would be Compliment said to others, spoke to her would be Plain Dealing. No, truly, Sir, said the Lady, I am not without my Faults any more than the rest of my Sex, and yet notwithstanding all my Faults, I love Plain Dealing, and never am more fond of it than when it tells me of my Faults. Then, Madam, said Mr. Fairbeard, You and the Plain Dealer seem design'd by Heaven for each other. In short, Mr. Wycherley walk'd with her

her upon the Walks, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her Lodgings, while she staid at *Tunbridge*, and after she went to *London*, at her Lodgings in *Hatton-Garden*, where in a little time he got her Consent to marry her, which he did, by his Father's Command, without acquainting the King; for it was reasonably suppos'd, that the Lady having a great Independent Estate, and noble and powerful Relations, the acquainting the King with the intended Marriage might be the likeliest way to prevent it. As soon as the News of it came to Court it was look'd upon as an Affront to the King, and a Contempt of his Majesty's Offers. And Mr. *Wycherley's* Conduct after his Marriage made this be resented more heinously. For seldom or never coming near the Court, he was thought downright ungrateful. But the true Cause of his Absence was not known, and the Court was at that time too much alarm'd, and in too much Disquiet to enquire into it. In short,

short, Sir, the Lady was jealous of him to Dis-
 traction, jealous to that degree, that she could
 not endure that he should be one Moment out
 of her Sight. Their Lodgings were in *Bow-*
street, Covent-Garden, over-against the *Cock,*
 whither if he at any time went with his Friends,
 he was oblig'd to leave the Windows open,
 that the Lady might see there was no Wo-
 man in Company, or she would be imme-
 diately in a downright raving Condition. Whe-
 ther this outrageous Jealousy proceeded from
 the excess of her Passion, for she lov'd her
 Husband with the same Violence with which
 she had done her Lover, or from the great
 Things which she had heard reported of his
 manly Prowess, which were not answer'd by
 her Experience, or from them both together,
 Mr. *Wycherley* thought that he was oblig'd to
 humour it, and that he could not be too in-
 dulent to a Lady who had bestow'd both her
 Person and her Fortune on him. This, Sir,
 was

was the Cause that brought Mr. *Wycherley* all at once into the utmost Disgrace with the Court, whose Favour and Affection but just before he possessed in the highest Degree. And these, Sir, are the Particulars of Mr. *Wycherley's* Life, which seem either to have slipped from your Memory, or to have escaped your Knowledge.

I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Whitehall, Sept. 1.

1720.

JOHN DENNIS.



CATULLI DE AMICA FORMIANI.



CATULLUS

Ad AMICAM

FORMIANI.



*Alve, nec nimio, Puella, naso,
Nec bello pede, nec nigris ocellis,
Nec longis digitis, nec ore sicco,*

Nec sanè nimis elegante lingua,

Decoctoris amica FORMIANI.

Tenè Provincia narrat esse bellam?

Tecum LESBIA nostra comparatur?

O sacrum inspiens, & inficetum!

Applied

CATULLUS *ad Amicam* FORMIANI.

Applied in *English*.

Adeste Hendycasylabi!

THOU Dear Droll Dowdy Dandiprat,
With Nose of Mastiff, Eyes of Cat,
Fingers like Toes, Feet flat and long,
Wide driv'ling Mouth, and drawling Tongue,
Shall EXON Beaus Thy Beauty boast
With COLLETON's my Darling Toast?
Well! Mercies on Thee, little Brute!
The Lovers and their Mistress suit.



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I. THE HONORABLE MISTRESS LADY (continued)



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the poem, and the order in which they are named. The names are given in the order in which they are named in the poem, and not in the order in which they are named in the list.

ERRATA.

PAGE 19. Line 1. after Humane a *Semicolon*.
Idem. ibid. dele the Semicolon after Manners.
Idem. 2. after Affable a *Comma*.
Idem. 4. after Freedom a *Semicolon*.



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